

The Sketch



No. 217.—VOL. XVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MDLLE. FAVIER AS THE DOLL IN "LA POUPÉE,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE McKINLEY INAUGURATION.

THE ENTRY INTO THE CAPITOL.

The Fourth of March was, indeed, a glorious Fourth for Washington, beginning with the new President's entry into the Capitol, and ending with a gorgeous ball at the Pension Building. The town was packed with a motley crowd—a crowd from all cities, all States. For the past two weeks Washington had been filling up with travellers, sight-seers, and office-seekers from all parts of the country, until, on the morning of Inauguration Day, it was full to overflowing. It had become the Mecca of all good Americans—and bad ones, too, for that matter. The pickpockets and the "crooks" and the released criminals had journeyed hither, as well as the thousands of honest men and women who desired to see the new President inaugurated, view the grand parade, and dance at the Inaugural Ball in the evening. All the hotels of every class were full—so full during the few days preceding the Inauguration that for a man to have demanded a bedroom to himself would have branded him as a lunatic or a multi-millionaire. Hotel-keepers charged such prices for accommodation as almost made the hair of their would-be patrons stand on end—and they got their prices, too! Washington was jammed; it might be said, choked up with people—nearly a million, so it was estimated. And then, on the morning of the Fourth of March, all these people were in the streets and in front of the Capitol, and the policemen had to keep them in order; so the cry was continually, "Back! Back behind the rope! Back into line!"

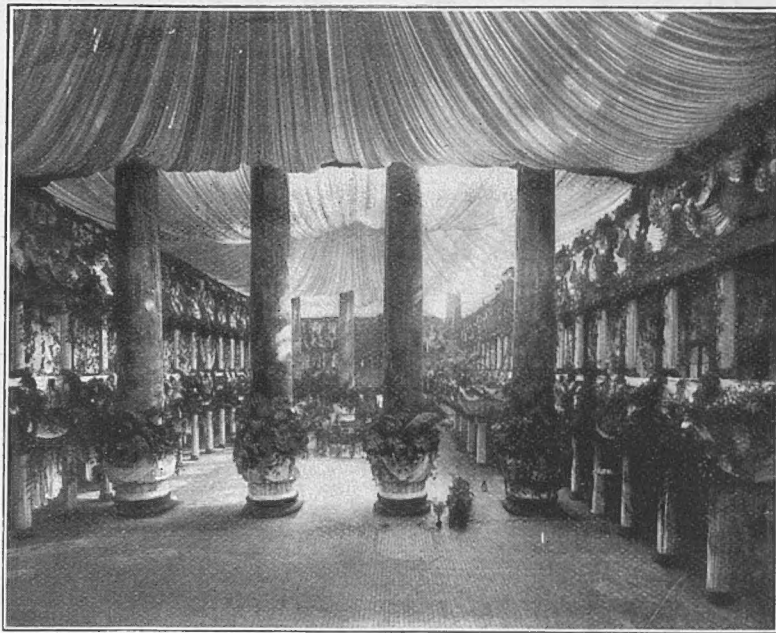
At a quarter to twelve a great shout, "There he is!" went up from thousands of throats in front of the Capitol. Fortunately, I was in a good position near the portico, and I had a good view of the carriage, drawn by four horses, which brought from the White House to the Capitol the President and the President-elect. Mr. McKinley, pale, intellectual, and distinguished-looking, sat at the left hand of Mr. Cleveland, as was meet, for he was as yet only a private citizen, and Mr. Cleveland was still President of the United States. He was not only that; he was probably one of the most remarkable men who had sat in the Presidential Chair. As he limped from the carriage, showing that his recent attack of gout had not yet left him, no one could deny that Grover Cleveland looked every inch a strong man, every inch a President. But the cheers were not for him. "McKinley! McKinley!" was the burden of the cry that rent the air.

The two men, the President and the President-elect, mounted together the stairs of the Senate wing of the Capitol, and in the Senate Chamber the beginning—only the beginning—of the ceremonies of the day were gone through. The old Vice-President retired, the new Vice-President took the oath and swore in the new Senators.

This ceremony lasted for an hour, and Grover Cleveland was still President. Then the select throng who had been fortunate enough to gain admission to the Senate Chamber came straggling out on to the immense platform that had been erected in front of the Capitol. There were Senators, and Judges of the Supreme Court in their long black robes, and diplomats in their splendid uniforms, and newspaper reporters—two hundred in number—and the two men, President Cleveland and President-elect McKinley. A black-robed Justice administered the oath of office, and then it was President McKinley!

He commenced his address—a long one; the longest, it is said, that any President has delivered during the past twenty years. Only those near the platform could hear him, and naturally everybody wanted to get as near to the platform as possible. The jamming and the crushing and the native odour of the blacks became almost unbearable. Every minute it seemed that ribs must be broken, arms jerked out of their sockets, and feet smashed. Several women were carried, fainting or hysterical, over the heads of the scrambling multitude, placed in ambulances, and driven to the nearest hospital, and still the crushing went on.

The address was ended, a salute of guns was fired and a loud shout went up from the multitude. Men and women waved their hats, their canes, their flags, their handkerchiefs; babies screamed, some joyously, some bad-temperedly; a few dogs which had wandered to the Capitol barked and then ran across the line, where no human dared go for fear of the policemen's clubs. The President and the ex-President entered their carriage, and now Mr. Cleveland sat at the left of Mr. McKinley,



THE INAUGURAL BALL-ROOM ON MARCH 4.

Photo by Prince, Washington.

a token of the altered condition in his position. It reminded him that now he was a private citizen. He knew the shouts and the applause were for McKinley, not for him; so, while his companion bared his head again and again and bowed smilingly right and left all along the route of march back to the White House, Cleveland sat contentedly back, with his hat always on his head and a satisfied look upon his face. Undoubtedly he remembered that twelve years ago and four years ago the shouts were for him. Not in the history of the Republic had any man been so honoured as he himself had been, for three times he had been nominated for the Presidency—twice elected, once defeated, but three times nominated!

Past the many thousands now seated upon the various stands erected throughout the city the carriage was driven back to the White House. The two men entered the front door and shook hands. Then the new President took his place in the reviewing-stand erected in front of the mansion; ex-President Cleveland went out by a side-door, entered a carriage, and thus left Washington, a private citizen, to go duck-hunting, and then join his wife and babies in their Princeton home.

Washington has an avenue which the inhabitants of the town fondly believe to be the greatest avenue in the world—Pennsylvania Avenue. It is a hundred and sixty feet wide, lined on either side with magnificent buildings. It begins at the Capitol, and runs along past the White House. It has been the scene of many a great procession. The victorious armies of Grant and Sherman, after the War was over, marched triumphantly along this avenue, and on every Inauguration Day the avenue is gaily decked out for the Inaugural Parade. It is said that never before did Pennsylvania Avenue present such a beautiful appearance as on the day of the Inauguration of "McKinley and Prosperity." Hundreds of thousands of flags were waving, and thousands of portraits of "the Nation's Choice" hung over the doorways and in the windows.

A fine-looking specimen of a soldier rode by on a coal-black horse. He had but one arm, and, in order to salute the President, he took the reins of his horse in his teeth and saluted with his one hand. It was General Howard, who some years ago was Commanding General of the United States Army, and is known throughout the country as the "Praying General."

One of the heroes of the Parade came into the procession with the Jack Tars. It was a goat from the flagship *New York*. He is the mascot of the American Navy, and as he marched past the President he walked with the



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PRESIDENT-ELECT McKINLEY ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITOL.

Photo by Bell, Washington.

veritable swagger of an old and tried seaman. The goat would be a valuable addition to the Washington police force, for his butting powers in forcing back a crowd are said to be something marvellous.

It was six o'clock when the long procession had been reviewed, and the President went into the White House, leaving the crowd to go home to supper. Afterwards came the fireworks and the ball, and then the celebration of the coming in of the new President of the United States was over.

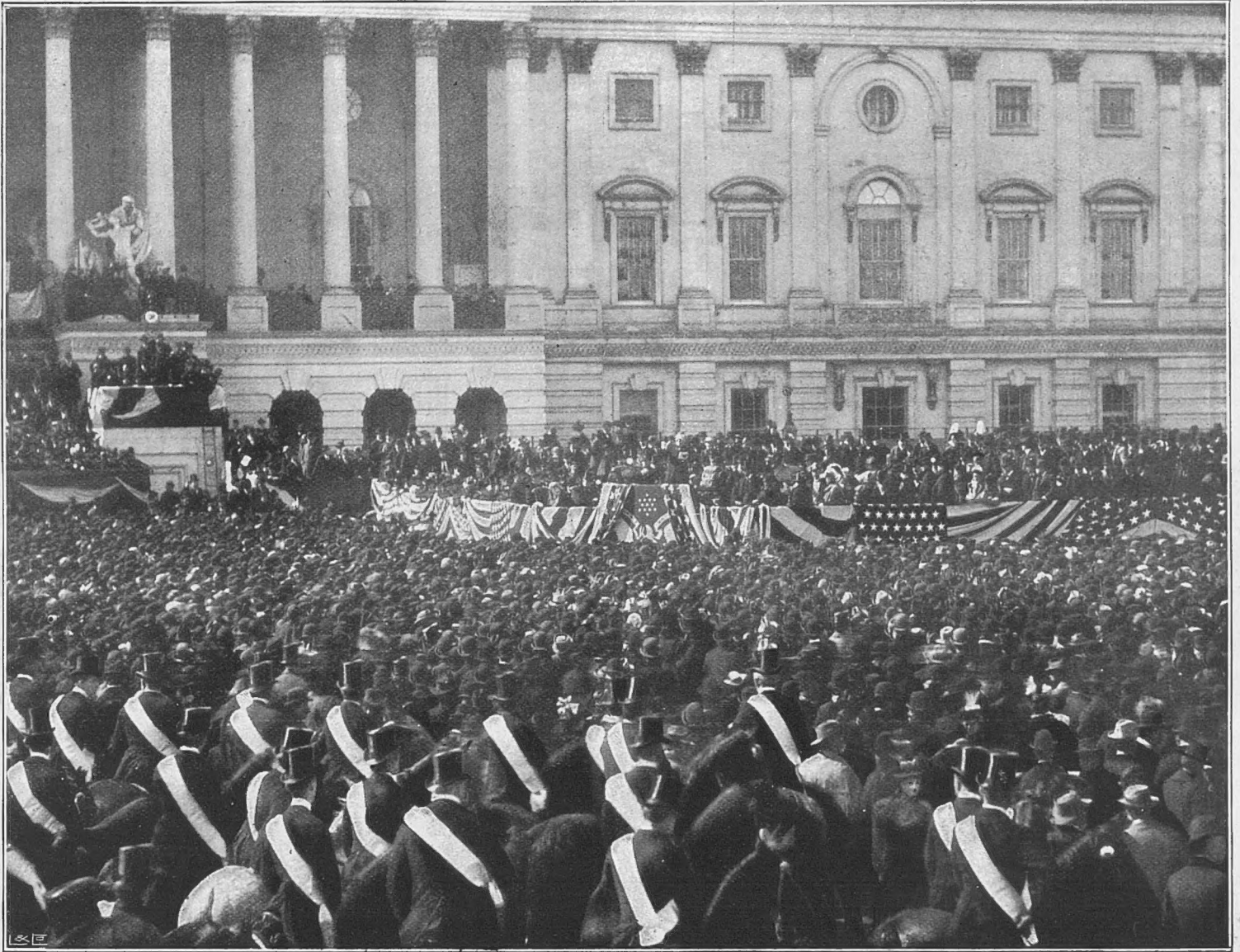
THE BALL.

A five-dollar bill, clean and decent attire, and a respectable reputation were the requisites for admission to the Inaugural Ball held at the Pension Building in the evening. It was the climax of the day of the going out of the old and the ushering in of the new President of the United States. The like of the decorations of the Great Hall, with its courts and its pillars and its domes, was never seen before. White and yellow, golden-yellow, formed the groundwork for the floral decorations. Yellow was

seventy-five thousand dollars is not much more than a drop in Uncle Sam's gold bucket, or rather, it is expected that it won't be from this time forth.

It was said that fifteen thousand people went to the ball. They began to enter the Pension Building at eight o'clock, and they had not all left at two in the morning. At ten o'clock, when the President and Mrs. McKinley arrived, the scene in the ball-room was a magnificent one. High up above the western entrance was the star-spangled banner in electric lights, the scintillations making it appear to flutter and wave over the heads of what was probably the most democratic gathering the world has ever seen.

There were girls dressed in that *chic*, smart style which only American girls can affect with success, and there were girls wearing old-fashioned light or blue cotton-back satin gowns, with white satin slippers. There were elderly ladies dressed quietly and elegantly, as elderly ladies should dress, and there were others of the same age decked out in brocades or muslins which had a suggestion of large-patterned wall-paper or gardens of pansy-blossoms and gaily coloured poppies.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE ON THE PLATFORM ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JARVIS, WASHINGTON.

chosen because it was the colour of gold, and gold was the Republican campaign watchword last November. To attempt to describe the decorations would be useless, or even to tell in American fashion "what they cost." The reception-room prepared for the President and Mrs. McKinley had its walls and ceiling covered with vines and banked with orchids and roses worth their weight in gold. The arched walls of the many stairways were draped with white chaille, over which grew vines, making them appear like passage-ways in Fairyland. The orchestra played in a gallery of golden hue; the white-draped domes were rosetted with yellow. Certainly, the appearance of the ball-room seemed to confirm the report that in the morning there had been with the Inauguration of McKinley an inauguration of "Prosperity."

But, though the decoration of the Pension cost a fabulous amount of money, it was not at anybody's expense except those who had bought tickets. The sale of tickets more than covered the expenditure. To be sure, it is estimated that the Government has lost seventy-five thousand dollars by this ball. That is because the ordinary business of the Pension Bureau could not proceed during the time the Ball Committee had the building in hand preparing for the great event. So the Pension employés had for some time been having a prolonged holiday; but

There was nothing to prevent coloured people from attending the ball, so long as they paid their five dollars and their clothes and reputations answered the requirements; so it was no cause for wonder that at least five "ladies and gentlemen of colour" were admitted to the ball-room. They belonged to the "smart coloured set" of Washington.

Secretary of State Olney was the only member of the outgoing Cabinet who was seen in the ball-room. With Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote he watched the brilliant scene from the galleries. Near them stood the little wife of the Japanese Minister. She wore a French gown, and her hair was done in the latest style. Near her was the wife of the new Korean Minister. She wore the native Korean costume, and the two women made an interesting picture.

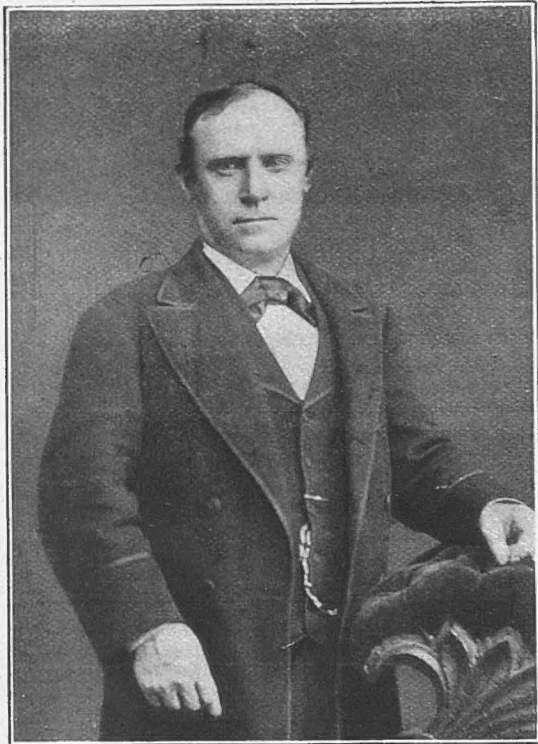
The dawn was appearing when the electric lights of the Pension Building were put out. The people were driving home in private carriages, hired cabs, riding in the cable-cars, or walking in the streets. The Fourth of March had gone, the fifth had come. Some of those on foot were obliged in going home to walk past the modest-looking house which stands "back in the yard" on Pennsylvania Avenue. It was all dark and quiet. The new President had gone to bed many hours before the Inaugural Ball was over.

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

THE DEATH OF SHIEL BARRY.

It is only a week or two ago that *The Sketch* referred to the extraordinary popularity of "Les Cloches de Corneville," and now one has to record the death of Mr. Shiel Barry, whose remarkable acting as Gaspard the miser is the most memorable thing in the history of French comic opera of the last twenty years. Mr. Shiel Barry, who died last Saturday week at Middleton, Lancashire, where he had been appearing



THE LATE MR. SHIEL BARRY.

with Madame Constance Bellamy in "The Colleen Bawn," was born in Kildare fifty-five years ago, and made his first appearance in Australia as Dr. O'Toole in "The Irish Tutor." He was introduced to London playgoers in 1870, when he figured at the Princess's Theatre in Boucicault's "Rapparee," and, after a tour round the world, he created the picturesque part of Harvey Duff, the spy of "The Shaughraun," in London in 1875. Three years later, February 1878, he made the greatest hit of his life by creating at the Folly Theatre the part of Gaspard in Messrs. Reece and Farnie's English adaptation of "Les Cloches de Corneville." The great scene where the miser clasps his gold in the ruined castle was played in a vivid melodramatic spirit which was quite new in comic opera, and all the town flocked to see Shiel Barry during the next two years, for "Les Cloches" held the boards in London until March 1880. He never did anything quite so good afterwards; in fact, for many years he did nothing but play Gaspard in the provinces, until he had given more than four thousand performances.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE OPERA.

Planquette's famous opera, which was produced in Paris on April 19, 1877, has a very strange history, for it was ushered into life in the most timorous way; neither Milher, who created the part of Gaspard, nor Shiel Barry, who followed him in England, entered very enthusiastically upon his task. The former was afraid of the principal scene, that of the ghosts; the later was lukewarm about his part, because he had been practically given to understand that the piece was considered a forlorn hope, that he had been engaged "because he was comparatively cheap," and that both the adapter of the English libretto and the management itself thought "anyone good enough to fill the rôle."

In fact, it would appear that the English firm which bought the English rights bought with them all the discouraging elements that marked the production of "Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Folies-Dramatiques; which did not prevent the head of that firm, Mr. Joseph Williams, from sticking to his text "that the piece was a good one," just as his French fellow-publisher, M. Bathlot, had done across the Channel.

We will go farther and say that, but for M. Bathlot, "Les Cloches de Corneville" would have shared the initial fate of "La Fille de Madame Angot," and been sent contemptuously across the frontier as not being up to the mark of a Parisian audience, in spite of the advanced stage of its rehearsals. When the Bourbons returned to France, it was said of them that they had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. The scathing epigram would, with equal force, apply to most theatrical managers. M. Cantin failed to remember his original rejection of Lecocq's masterpiece, even after the reversal of his verdict had put a million of francs into his pocket—that is, after its success at Brussels made him a humble petitioner for the French rights. He professed not to believe in lyrical

works the conception and composing of which had been accomplished without previous consultation with him. So when M. Charles Gabet, who beguiled the leisure of his duties as a Commissary of Police with play-writing, brought him the libretto of "Les Cloches," M. Cantin felt that the opportunity for distinguishing himself had come, and he forthwith confided the task of setting the music to it to Hervé. But the latter found the plot much too serious, and suggested alterations that would have virtually transformed it into a Boccacian story. Notwithstanding M. Cantin's faith in the plot, Clairville, one of the authors of "Madame Angot," was called in to rewrite the piece. Then a composer had to be looked for, Lecocq, in virtue of his contract with the Renaissance Theatre, not being available.

M. Cantin proposed Robert Planquette. Clairville shrieked with indignation. "Who is Planquette?" he roared. He was not singular in his ignorance. The young fellow, who was not more than twenty-six, had only composed some music-hall songs and one operette. He was sent for, however, and, what with his facile talent and beautiful baritone voice, delighted the veteran playwright.

Three hours after the termination of his interview, the opening chorus was in existence, and on the third day after that the first act, containing ten numbers, was finished. Ten days later the three acts were complete and rehearsals had begun—not without misgivings and a great deal of carping and opposition on the part of the interpreters. And in the face of these Clairville knit his eyebrows, Gabet hemmed and hawed, and Cantin remained silent.

Matters did not improve, and after the dress-rehearsal there was a conference to determine which numbers should be excised and which retained. Suddenly there arose a voice from the darkness of the auditorium. "Cut nothing at all," it exclaimed; "the piece is all right." "And who are you, Monsieur?" asked Cantin; "and by what right do you presume to give us advice?" "My name is Bathlot," was the answer; "I am a music publisher, and I fancy I know something about these matters. If you leave the opera as it is, I'll buy the rights for thirty thousand francs, money down." So said, so done. Yet the music gave rise to a great deal of criticism, and two months later, when the Folies-Dramatiques closed for the summer, there seemed to be an end of "Les Cloches de Corneville" for ever. The artists, however, went on tour with it, because they had nothing else. The success in the provinces, and especially at Bordeaux, was so startling that Cantin reopened with it for the winter season. The rest is known.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

Beechings claim to have solved the problem of note-paper and envelope combined in the simplest form. Only two strips of gum have to be moistened, and the short perforated edges are easily torn off. The card gives to the receiver address with postmark and letter in one piece. A letter of four hundred words can easily be written on the "Dagonet" Card, as it is called.

The directors of the Great Western Railway Company have recently determined to encourage the work of the St. John Ambulance Association among their staff by the establishment of an organisation which will arrange, at the cost of the company, classes at various points of their system, which extends over 2500 miles of country. The third annual dinner of the Headquarters staff and station-masters of the London and South-Western Railway took place at Freemasons' Hall,



THE MISER'S SCENE IN "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."
Reproduced from the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

London, on Wednesday evening. Sir Charles Scotter, J.P., the General Manager, who presided, in speaking of the progress of his system, said they now had one thousand miles of railway, a capital of £40,000,000, and a staff of close upon 25,000 men; the gross receipts last year amounted to the enormous sum of £3,889,000, the number of passengers carried, including, of course, season-ticket holders, was some 70,000,000, and these were conveyed without a single serious accident.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on FRIDAY, March 26, 1897, and will be CLOSED on or before MONDAY, March 29, 1897, for Town, and on or before TUESDAY, March 30, 1897, for the Country.

THE BRITISH ZENITH ADJUSTABLE CYCLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

(ADJUSTABLE HANDLE-BAR AND FOLDING PEDAL.)

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Subscriptions.

CAPITAL, £80,000, in 80,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 26,500 will be allotted as fully paid to the Vendors, being the largest proportion allowed under the regulations of the Stock Exchange, and the balance of 53,500 Shares of £1 each are now offered for subscription, payable 2s. 6d. on Application, 2s. 6d. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, and the balance in calls not exceeding 5s. at intervals of not less than three months.

DIRECTORS.

J. C. WINDOVER, Director of Messrs. Chas. S. Windover and Co., Limited, Long Acre, London.

F. M. GASCOIGNE, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Director of the late Elswick Cycle Company, Limited.

JAMES HUTTON, Ashley Lodge, Forest Hill.

ROBERT G. SCHWARZ, Barton House, Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucester.

BANKERS.

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, Consolidated Bank Office, 52, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

HENRY MARSHALL, 27, King Street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

London—THOS. J. IVE, 21, Old Broad Street, and Stock Exchange.

Dublin—VICTOR W. MANLY, 24, Anglesa Street.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. W. H. PANNELL and CO., 14, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY.

GEORGE T. VERNER.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.

London—Dashwood House, New Broad Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, working, and exploiting—

1st. The British Patent Rights in the Inventions for improvements in Handle-Bars, Cranks, and Pedals of Velocipedes, Cycles, and Motor Cycles, Provisional Protection for which has been granted under Nos. 12,126 and 25,879 of 1896, and any subsequent improvements thereon, and the right to apply for Colonial patents.

ADVANTAGES.

The following are a few of the advantages claimed for the Patents—

1. They can be adapted to any modern Machine at a small cost and without any appreciable addition to the weight.
2. In housing, packing, or wheeling, the width of the Bicycle can be reduced to the width of the saddle, or from about 22 inches to 7 inches.
3. The reduced width of the Bicycle will enable it to be hung against a wall or placed on a very narrow shelf.
4. The risk of damage in transit is reduced to a minimum, as there are no projecting parts.
5. The Bicycle can be wheeled along with the Pedals turned inwards, this being a special advantage to ladies.
6. Risk of theft is greatly reduced, as the Handle-bar can be instantly removed by the Cyclist when leaving the Machine.

ROYALTIES.

The great utility and advantages of the Adjustable Handle-Bar and Folding Pedals are well recognised in the trade:

THE JOHN GRIFFITHS CYCLE CORPORATION, LIMITED,
ELSWICK CYCLES COMPANY, LIMITED,

and between thirty and forty leading Cycle Manufacturing Firms have contracted for the rights to make and sell Zenith Patents.

PROFITS.

It is stated by the Trade papers that there are now in use in the United Kingdom considerably over 1,000,000 Bicycles. Allowing for a large proportion becoming obsolete, and taking into account the present yearly output, it is reasonable to assume that the number of Bicycles in use will remain at the above figure. As the Company's Patents can be fitted to all existing modern Cycles, this will give the Company an enormous field of operations.

The Directors propose to fix the price at a figure which will leave a profit of 8s. per set, and on this basis, if only 5 per cent. of the above number, or 50,000 Bicycles, are annually fitted with these Patents, the Company will derive a profit of £20,000

It is estimated that during the present year the production in the United Kingdom alone will be at least 750,000 Machines. Assuming the Makers fit only 10 per cent. with these Patents, the Royalty, which has been fixed at 3s. 6d. per Machine, will produce a further profit of 13,125

£33,125
Allowing for advertising, office, and other expenses, the very substantial sum of 6,000

There remains an estimated net profit of £27,125
or over Thirty per cent. on the capital of the Company.

In the above estimate no account has been taken of any profits accruing from the Colonial Patent Rights.

Stock Exchange settlement and quotation will be applied for in due course.

Full Prospectus and Form of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers, or from the Secretary of the Company.

London, March 24, 1897.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST is NOW OPEN, and CLOSES on or before THURSDAY, March 25, 1897, at Four o'clock for Town and Country.

TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES, LIMITED.

ISSUE of £350,000 First Debentures at par in 3500 Registered Debentures of £100 each, bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum, secured by Trust Deed and constituting a first charge upon the Estate and Property of the Company, and transferable by ordinary form of Debenture transfer.

The Company have power to redeem the whole or any part of the Debentures at any time after Jan. 1, 1902, at £105 per cent. on giving six months' notice of their intention to do so.

The Debentures are payable as follows: On application £10 per cent., on allotment £15 per cent., on April 12 £25 per cent., on May 12 £50 per cent.

Subscribers may pay in full on allotment, or on any date fixed for payment of an instalment.

Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum will accrue on the amounts as paid up, and be payable half-yearly, on Jan. 1 and July 1. The first payment of interest upon the amount paid up will be made on July 1, 1897.

Failure to pay any of the instalments when due will render previous payments subject to forfeiture.

Application for these Debentures must be made upon the annexed Form, or that accompanying the Prospectus, and be accompanied by a deposit of £10 per cent. on the amount applied for. Applications must be for £100 or multiples thereof.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction; and if a partial allotment is made the surplus will be applied towards the payment due on allotment.

Scrap will be issued against Letters of Allotment or payment of amount due thereon, and will be exchanged for registered Debentures after completion of all payments. Due notice of this will be given.

TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES, LIMITED, has been formed with a capital of £650,000, divided into 650,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, to acquire and develop the Trafford Park Estate, Manchester.

550,000 of the Shares have been issued fully paid, and are held by the Directors and their friends. The Chairman, who is the Vendor of the Estate of the Company, has agreed to provide £100,000 working capital, and has applied for and had allotted to him the remaining 100,000 Shares for this purpose.

To give time for the development of the property, and in the meantime to provide the necessary amount to cover payment of interest during the first three years, the sum of £42,000 will be deposited with the Bankers of the Company in the names of the Trustees by the Chairman of the Company.

It is intended to make application for a special settlement and quotation on the London and Manchester Stock Exchanges.

The following will constitute the Security for this Debenture issue and interest, namely:—

1. Trafford Park Estate, consisting of 1183 acres of Freehold Property.
2. £100,000 of Uncalled Capital; and
3. £42,000 the amount to be deposited in the names of the Trustees for securing Debenture interest as stated above.

Forms of Application can be obtained from the Company's Bankers in London and their Agents in Manchester and Branches; at the Company's Offices, 18, Exchange Street, Manchester; and from the Company's Brokers.

March 18, 1897.

TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES, LIMITED.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

The Right Hon. LORD CHURCHILL, 6, Herbert Crescent, London, S.W.
MACKWORTH PRAED, 42, Park Lane, W.

DIRECTORS.

ERNEST T. HOOLEY, Risley Hall, near Derby (Chairman).

The Right Hon. LORD ASHBURTON, The Grange, Alresford, Hants.

SIR WILLIAM H. BAILEY, Sale Old Hall, Manchester, Director Manchester Ship Canal Company.

Colonel PAGET MOSLEY, 27, St. James's Square, London, S.W., and "Lloyd's," E.C.

WILLIAM NOCTON, Langham Hall, Colchester, Director Law Fire Insurance Society.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, Wollaton, Nottingham, Director Moore and Robinson's Nottinghamshire Banking Company, Limited.

MARSHALL STEVENS, 18, Exchange Street, Manchester, late Manager Manchester Ship Canal Company (Managing Director).

BANKERS.—LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 222, Strand, London, W.C.

SOLICITORS FOR TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE-HOLDERS.

NICHOLL, MANISTY, and CO., 1, Howard Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.—ASHWELL and TUTIN, Nottingham and London.

BROKERS.

GEORGE WHITEHEAD and CHOWN, 23, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

MARSLAND and CHEW, 4, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

GEORGE MELLORS, 18, Exchange Street, Manchester.

The Trafford Park Estate is a freehold property, 1183 acres in extent, situate within two miles of the centre of Manchester. It is bounded on one side for upwards of three miles by the Manchester Docks and the Manchester Ship Canal, and on the other side for a similar distance by the Bridgewater Canal, which is one of the most important water highways in the country.

The Directors intend to immediately develop the Estate for Commercial Purposes, taking advantage of its unique position and its proximity to the deep waters of the Ship Canal.

From below the Manchester Docks to the Barton Aqueduct the Ship Canal has an additional bottom width of 50 ft., enabling vessels of the largest tonnage to lie alongside wharves which the owners of the Estate are empowered to construct upon their land abutting on the Canal.

It is proposed that lines of Railway which will belong to the Estate shall forthwith be constructed to connect with the Manchester Dock Railways, and through them with the whole railway system of the district, so that purchasers and lessees of land may have the full advantage of railway communication. A portion of this Estates Railway will be worked by the most economical method as a tramway to convey passengers through the Park between Old Trafford and Barton.

Applications will be made without delay for an Act of Parliament to authorise the construction of another Railway through the Park from Barton to Waters Meeting and thence to Chorlton, which will for the first time give the inhabitants of the populous districts of Eccles, Patricroft, Barton, &c., direct access to the systems of the Midland, Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, Great Northern, Cheshire Lines, and Manchester South Junction and Altrincham Railways. Plans and sections of the proposed Railway have already been prepared.

A keen desire is being shown to take advantage of the exceptional situation of the Estate for business purposes, and negotiations are in progress for the formation of a number of Commercial undertakings, which will require land at prices averaging from £3000 to £5000 per acre. Among these undertakings are Tar-Distillation Works, a Patent-Fuel Works, Oil-Storage Tanks, a Saw-Mill, a Flour-Mills, Malting-Houses, a Seed-Crushing Mill, a Cotton-Mill, a Dry Dock, and a Shipbuilding Yard.

The saving in cost of carriage obtainable by the proximity of the Estate to deep water, and the advantages of the admirable direct Road, Railway, and Canal communication, have already induced the proprietors of certain old-established manufacturing concerns to treat for portions of the Estate, with a view to the removal of their businesses to Trafford Park.

It is proposed to convert the Hall and adjoining buildings into a first-class Hotel, reserving the gardens and a portion of the Park near the Hall for Golf Links and Recreation Ground.

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FOR MARCH 27

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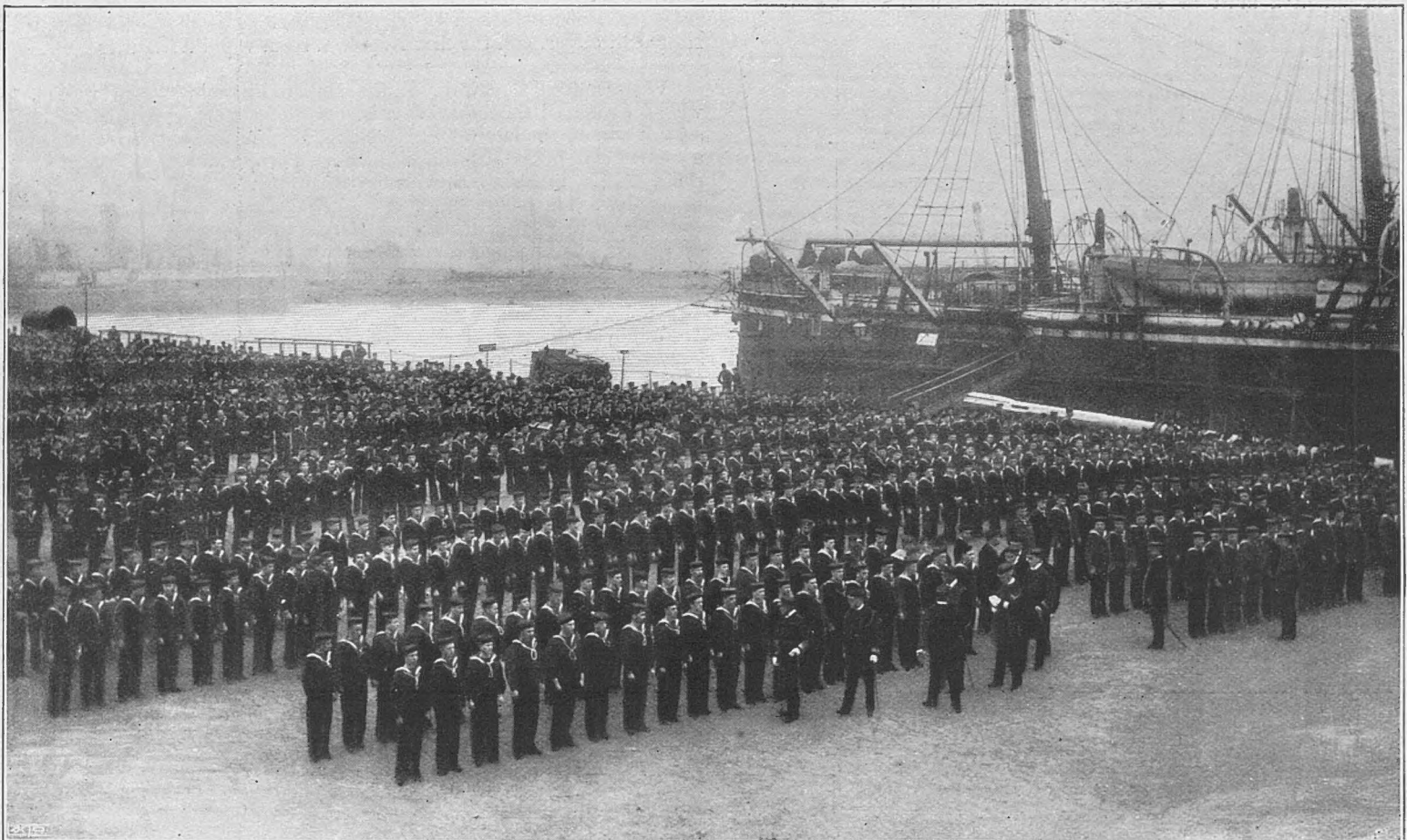
SMALL TALK.

In the camp of the layers of odds there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and much profanity; but the Nonconformists say that Sir Henry Hawkins is a first-class judge. I recently heard a crowd of the leathern-lunged discussing the verdict, and the general wish seemed to be that the eyes of the eminent ornament of the Bench might be prematurely condemned. Presumably the peoplespeaking wished to deprive Sir Henry of the sight of any further races, remembering that he is very fond of these entertainments, and frequently adjourns his Court over Derby Day. If this is not the true solution, I fail to see why men should wish to punish another man's eyes for the fault of his tongue. The loss consequent upon the decision is not confined to the bookmakers, for what are the sporting tipsters to do, and where will the halfpenny evening papers come in? "If they do not overrule that ridiculous decision at once, we must have a war to amuse the public." So said a halfpenny journalist to me when we discussed the subject, and there is more in his remark than meets the casual eye.

What will the bookies do? Will they march in their hundreds to Trafalgar Square and side with Crete against the Government, just to show they can be nasty if they like? Will they appeal? Will they

enough to make the judge's official acquaintance; but, seeing the shaven crown, he spluttered out, "A bloomin' prizefighter, by —!" and at once bethought himself of business on another part of the platform.

The new Primate has announced his intention of ceasing to use Addington as a country residence, and the estate will, I hear, be placed in the market by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners ere long. No very lengthy associations connect this property with the See of Canterbury. Though Addington is a very ancient manor, granted as far back as the reign of the third Henry to a trusty henchman, it was not till 1807 that it was purchased by the then Primate, Archbishop Sutton, with certain trust moneys of the See, for the use of himself and his successors. The park which surrounds the mansion is picturesque and retired, and it commands a series of delightful views of Surrey and Kent—an ideal place, it has been said, for the dignified meditation or repose of an ecclesiastic. The mansion itself has no pretension to either beauty or romance; it is a plain, roomy, family building of the latter part of last century; such a house as may well be associated with a prosperous City merchant. The Manor of Addington, with the park, the mansion, the rectory, and advowson, were bought in a lot by an Alderman in 1768, for the sum of £38,500. Two years later the worthy Alderman became Lord Mayor, and he it was who replaced



INSPECTION IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.

arrange massacre of the Nonconformists, or assault Mr. Anti-Gamble Hawke? Or will they realise that the game is up, and turn their thoughts to some more honest mode of living, if such an one there be? I fear that the agitation being raised at the moment rather discounts the never-ending assertions that horse-racing is followed mainly on account of attractions other than gambling. Rumour has stated that Sir John Maple, of Childwick and Tottenham Court Road fame, is coming to the rescue of the oppressed community of layers and backers; but whether his constituency will take kindly to such an act must give him pause, for he represents Dulwich, and a prosperous suburb is usually the personification of every morality known to Exeter Hall. Truly Sir Henry Hawkins has fluttered the dovescotes of the land of odds.

Among the stories innumerable that dog the lives of our famous men, the following little yarn about Sir Henry may claim the simple tribute of a smile. It is unauthenticated, but not unfunny. The eminent judge had been to a Midland race-meeting, on account of the speedy termination of the Assizes. Of course, there are few things lower in humanity's scale than a section of the crowd that attends a race-meeting in the Midland counties, and all men must be prepared for a few rough moments. After the last winning number had gone up, Sir Henry returned to the station, where the specials were rapidly departing. There was a very nasty crowd, and not a little hustling. At last the judge came in for his share of annoyance at the hands of a rough, and, finding expostulation no good, took off his hat and said, "Do you know who I am?" The hustler, despite his proclivities, had evidently not gone far

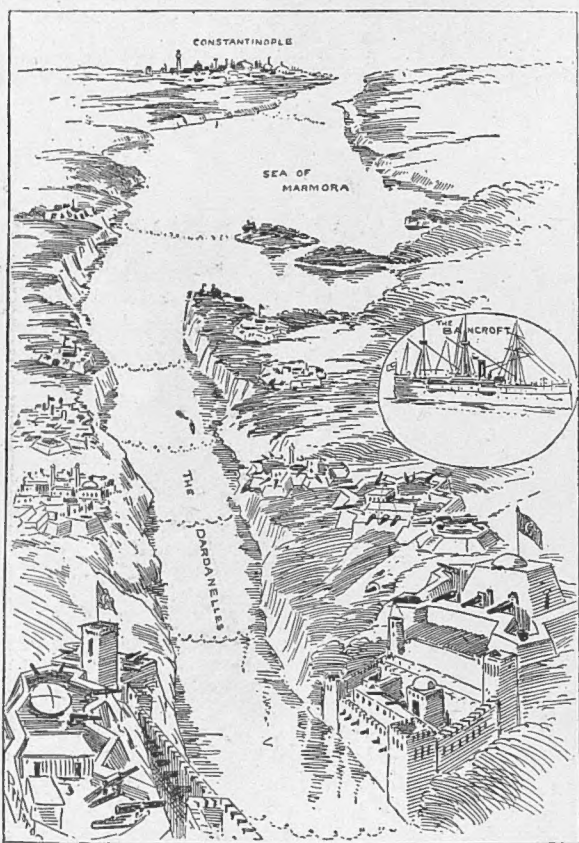
an older house by the present one. In 1829 the then Archbishop of Canterbury decided on certain additions and improvements, and the chapel, library, and various other apartments were added. It seems probable that Addington will once again become the residence of some merchant prince or prosperous promoter.

From time to time we have heard a great deal about the invasion of London by South Africans, but their equally sudden departure is attracting less comment. J. B. Robinson, whose thirteen years' lease of Dudley House cost sixty thousand pounds, has been gone some time. Barnato was quick to follow him, leaving his palace in Park Lane still unfinished, and having to consent to certain structural alterations because the house, as planned, threatened the light of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's White Drawing-Room, which looks over the Park from Seymour Place. Then, again, Mr. Alfred Beit has been equally unfortunate, for, after paying a hundred and sixty thousand pounds for the freehold site of his Park Lane house, he is compelled to cut the building down to avoid trespassing upon the lights of his Grace of Westminster. As things are at present, Mr. Beit has the distinction of having the ugliest house in Park Lane. To my mind and eye, it is an amorphous mass, and one has to go to Piccadilly and reach the town mansion of his Grace of Devonshire to discover anything equally unattractive.

A vivid idea of the form of our bluejackets was got from the review at Portsmouth on the 10th inst., when over four thousand men paraded before Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon and staff.

Mr. Courtney has recently been the subject of a great deal of talk among politicians. The young Tories resent his presence in their midst. His superior airs irritate them. He knows a great deal, and he has little patience with those who know less. The pity is that he cannot conceal his superiority. It is, however, his independence which principally causes offence. Mr. Whitbread, when in Parliament, was described as the umpire who never gave his own side out; Mr. Courtney is the umpire who almost always gives his own side out. This is not the sort of impartiality which is appreciated in a House where there are no cross-benches, and faithful Conservatives obedient to the Whip naturally ask why Mr. Courtney doesn't cross to the other side. Perhaps the men on the other side don't want him. They prefer to hear him attacking the members among whom he sits. Mr. Courtney has always been desperately independent. He gave up his first official place for the sake of a fad, and when Chairman of Committees he took delight in calling his own political leaders to order.

The Sage of Chelsea was a title which Mr. John Morley on a memorable occasion grudged to Thomas Carlyle. There was at least one other man who, in his opinion, better deserved that description. It was supposed that he had Mr. Courtney in his mind. The modern Sage on his way home to Cheyne Walk sometimes enjoys Mr. Morley's company. If Mr. Courtney were an ordinary man he would excite a pathetic sentiment. He has nearly lost his eyesight. Such an affliction must be excessively trying to a man who has always



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DARDANELLES.
Reproduced from the Boston "Transcript."

been a hard reader. Yet Mr. Courtney does not encourage sympathy. He is as sturdy as ever. Vigorous in health and inflexible in mind, he defies the world and its opinion. He goes in and out of the House, looking neither to the right-hand nor to the left, showing no hesitation in his gait, although finding it difficult to recognise those whom he passes. When at Wiesbaden, Mr. Courtney and Sir William Harcourt amazed the envious residents in a great establishment by the loud gaiety of their laughter. And now, at home, the ex-Chairman's spirits are as high as ever, and his waistcoats are as brilliantly defiant of conventional colour. Fortunately he has a well-stored mind, as well as a self-reliant disposition. He is married to a daughter of Mr. Richard Potter, of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. Other daughters of the same gentleman are espoused to Mr. Henry Hobhouse, a Liberal-Unionist M.P., who frequently sits at Mr. Courtney's side, and to Mr. Sidney Webb, the well-known Fabian.

It is but a step from the mansion to the cottage. I have been in Essex recently, investigating the conditions under which some of the agricultural labourers live. Imagine, if you can, a man, his wife, and four children living without complaint upon nine shillings a-week, with a tiny cottage and plot of ground thrown in. I have met several cases of this description, where the family was decently clad, and the children looked clean and healthy. They told me that from one year's end to the next they do not taste meat, except in those few cottages where a pig is kept. Food seems to be the fat of cooked meat, called "dripping," and marmalade. This last takes the place of butter. Some families have as many as ten children, but then there are always one or two who can earn

two or three shillings a-week, and all seem able to help in the domestic labours of the home. Farming in eastern Essex is in so bad a state that many a man holds his acres for no other service than the payment of rates and tithes.

The caricaturist of *Le Monde Illustré* who turned King George into a sparrow, the prey of all the guns of Europe, is clearly of opinion that the Cretan crisis has been exaggerated out of all recognition. Of course, the issues involved are far-reaching, and the journalistic imagination has had a fine chance to exercise itself. For instance, the *Boston Transcript* has been calmly telling its readers that the mild-eyed Czaritzza is at the bottom of the European imbroglio. The late Czar is credited with having discussed his foreign policy with her when she was still a "German Princess with alleged English tastes." She wishes to see Russia occupy the Dardanelles, and has induced the Czar to believe that, as soon as a requisite abundance of Russia's golden stores is digged from the Siberian wastes and converted into coin, "his armies will accomplish such marvels as will make the achievements of Hannibal, Caesar, and the first Napoleon seem vapid trivialities."

Vice-Admiral Canevaro, of the Italian Fleet in Cretan waters, to whom I referred the other day, is, according to a correspondent, the second son of the late Count Canevaro, Duc de Zoagli, who established a commercial house of business in Lima, Peru, which is still carried on, some of his numerous sons being of Italian and others of Peruvian nationality. The eldest son, Don José Francisco Canevaro, the Peruvian Minister to England, France, and Italy, was at one time Vice-President of Peru; another son is a General in the Peruvian Army. When Capitaine de Frégate, the Vice-Admiral was Attaché Naval to the Italian Embassy in London.

While all the world is discussing Crete, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge have been selling the late Mr. Hyman Montagu's collection of the coins of the islands. The fourteen specimens offered fetched £30 8s., the smallest price being six shillings for a drachm of Phalarisana (B.C. 400-300), and the biggest five guineas for a stater of Priantus (B.C. 430-300). The sale was carried on all last week up to Friday, 691 Greek and Roman coins being sold, the first 586 fetching £2764. Mr. Montagu's fine collection of English medals will be sold in May, his English copper coins and patterns, together with the Anglo-Gallic and Irish sections, in June, and in the following November the dispersion of this collection will be brought to an end by the sale of the reserved portion of the English series.

I have been studying agitations, and want some kind friend to tell me why they are all set to the same music. When I am in town on a



A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF THE CRETAN SITUATION.
Reproduced from "Le Monde Illustré."

Sunday, and pleasure takes me to the Park by way of Piccadilly, the roads are alive with happy crowds of deeply wronged humanity. With banners flying, drums beating, and to the sound of martial music, they go to denounce their oppressors. They may be cabinet-makers, or bakers,

or Cretan sympathisers, or the unemployed, or Socialists, or trades unionists, but, so far as I have noticed, they all play the same tune, a tune more conducive to walking in line than suggestive of tyranny and despair. Now, as a believer in the proper fitness of things, I protest strongly against such carelessness. I want a properly constituted brass band and a supply of music with a strong "oppression motive," and my demand—which is sure to be instantly complied with—is made in the interests of the downtrodden sufferers themselves. How can our feelings be properly stirred on behalf of an outraged proletariat that marches to proclaim its misery to the sound of a Golden 'Air—that was hanging down her back?

I have had sent me a photograph showing the deck of the Greek turret ironclad *Psara*, which lately returned from Toulon Dockyard, and subsequently sailed from the Piræus with sealed orders. The central figure is that of the late Prime Minister of Greece, Charilaos Tricoupis, to whose wise foresight and unremitting devotion in the teeth of bitter opposition is due such strength and efficiency as the Greek Navy at present possesses. The original founders of the Greek Navy were our gallant countrymen, Hastings and Cochrane; but in the sixty years which followed the termination of their labours the Navy had sunk to being (except on paper) a mere *quantité négligeable*. It was Tricoupis who first again made it a living reality, thus earning from his



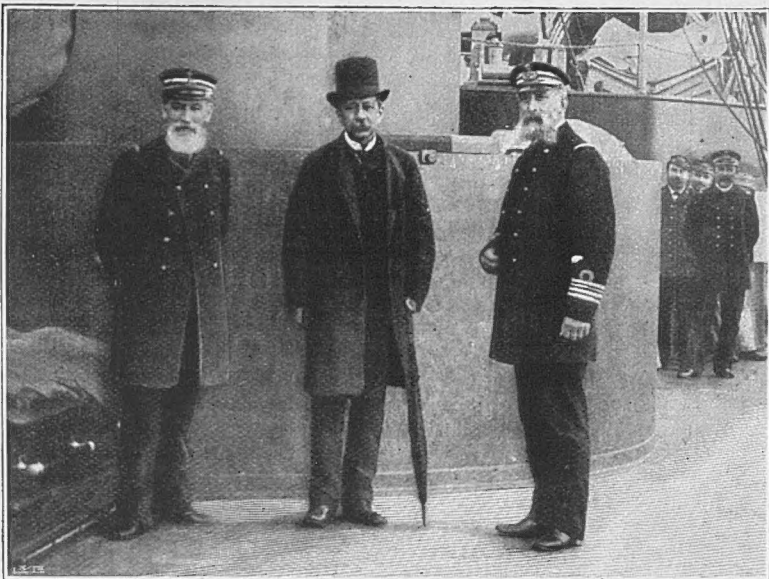
TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, I BATTERY, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

Photo by Herzog and Higgins, Mhow.

A battery (I) of another of our best corps, the Royal Horse Artillery, which is commanded by Colonel J. H. Wodehouse, C.B., and is stationed at Mhow, Central India, is very proud of the prowess of its tug-of-war team. Since 1894 it has defeated the 7th and 20th Hussars, the 22nd and 72nd Field Batteries of the Royal Artillery, the Leinster Regiment, the Yorkshire and the Durham Light Infantry, and the Royal Fusiliers. Considering there are but a hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and men to choose a team from, this record is very creditable. The weight of the team is a hundred and thirty-five stone, averaging thirteen and a-half stone per man. It has been coached by Sergeant Ewart, and Colonel Wodehouse has taken a great interest in it. The names of the team in the photograph from right to left are Gunner Edden, Gunner Thomas, Quarter-Master-Sergeant Fairbairn, Gunner Byrne, Sergeant Tucker, Gunner Sexton, Corporal Frost, Sergeant Ewart (coach), Gunner Breenan, Bombardier Nolan, and Sergeant Pitcher.

It is surprising to learn that the first four letters of the alphabet, as dealt with in Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary," cover 89,591 words. Of these, however, only 47,786 are in current use.

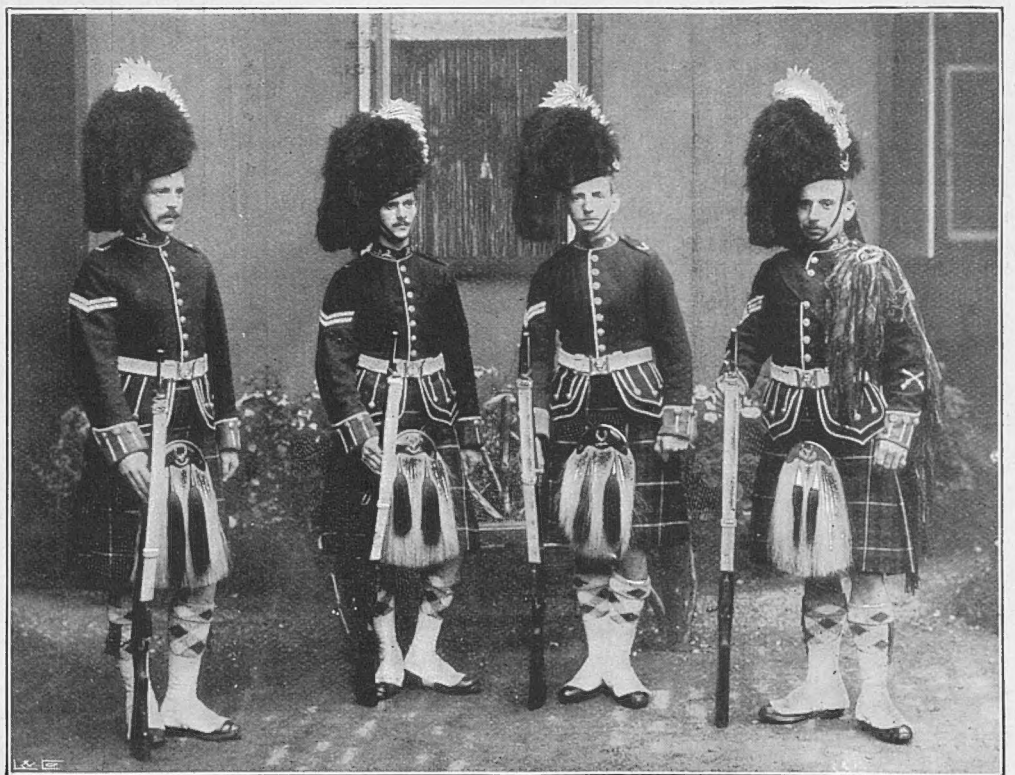
Mr. W. A. Gill, who has written a biography of the poet Lefroy, published by Mr. Lane, is a Fellow and tutor of Magdalene College, Cambridge, not Oxford, as stated in "The Literary Lounger" last week.



M. TRICOUPIS ON BOARD THE GREEK IRONCLAD "PSARA."

countrymen the proud cognomen of "Founder of the Navy." On either side of the late Prime Minister stand the Captain and First Lieutenant, both natives of the rugged island of Hydra, that traditional nursery of brave and hardy sailors. The photograph was taken at Cherbourg by one of the ship's engineers on the occasion of a visit M. Tricoupis paid her shortly after her completion in August, 1891.

The appearance of the First Battalion Seaforth Highlanders in Crete introduces on the scene one of the finest bodies of troops in our Army. The Seaforths are composed of the "Duke of Albany's Own" as the First and the old Ross-shire Buffs as the Second Battalion, the latter having just returned from India after eighteen years' service abroad. The little Duke of Albany is the Honorary Colonel of the Seaforths, and looks a quaint figure in the huge feather bonnet and kilt of the regiment. Only six hundred men of the First Battalion have gone to Crete, although the Seaforths are a thousand strong, several hundred men having been dropped at Malta by the Second Battalion to join them. Their appearance at Aldershot last year was exceptionally good, and when they sailed for Malta on Jan. 27 they looked as noble a regiment as we could well muster. Colonel R. H. Murray, C.B., who commands them, was severely wounded in the great march from Kabul to Kandahar, in which the Seaforths played a conspicuous part.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

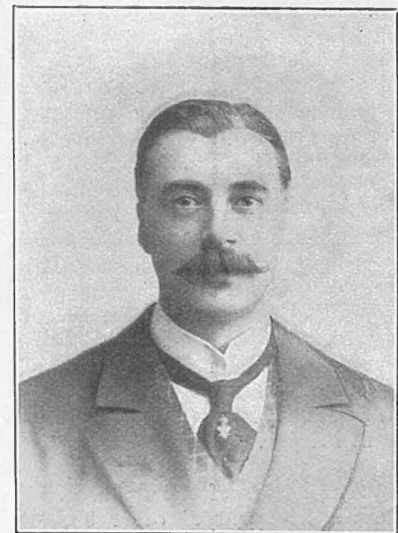
"Full many a flower," observed the poet Gray, "is born to blush unseen." I am sure that the poet did not intend to limit the scope of that remark to flowers of the field or forest. The words may be applied to the flowers of journalism that open their petals to such light as falls upon the page of obscure suburban newspapers and then fade into nothingness. Many and many an effusion from the pen of the amateur dramatic critic is worthy of preservation, and from a tiny sheet containing the account of an amateur performance of "The Prude's Progress" I cut the following gems, that they may shine long after the performance to which they owe their birth is forgotten—

Mr. Arthur Phillips as Jack Medbury, the painter-student, was gentlemanly, and the character intelligent; at times the acting was above the average. The somewhat complex but high-spirited student, Ted Morris, was passable, but lacked power and rehearsal. Mr. Gordon Collier, Theodore Travers, the cynical egotist but good-hearted author, was rather pantomimic in the first act, but during the second and third a really clever exposition was given by Mr. Collier, and we can only assume that the first act was due to nervousness.

Surely the author of this excellent and intelligent critique is worthy a place in the gallery of dramatic critics. And let it be known that the paper to which the critic is attached costs but a halfpenny a-week, and is frequently given away. Although I am unwilling to make comparisons, I would remind my readers that *Punch* costs threepence. Moreover, the anonymous gentleman whose writings I quote offers a conscious or unconscious solution of the bad-play problem. "The first act was due to nervousness," he writes. In future, let us refrain from penning a scathing notice of a poor production. Let us take a leaf out of my unknown monitor's book, and state that we presume the first act was due to nervousness, and the remaining acts were due to the first. Then the critical lion will lie down on friendly terms with the play-writing lamb, instead of lying down outside him, and there will be long and lasting

peace between the actor-manager and his natural enemy. I charge nothing extra for this suggestion, which will do more than the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty to bring about the Millennium.

Mr. Norman Salmond, who has received such unanimous praise for his rendering of the part of Father Maxime in "La Poupée," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, has long been a favourite on the concert-platform. It was in 1891 that he scored his first success on the operatic boards, when he was secured by Mr. D'Oyly Carte for the part of King Richard in "Ivanhoe," at the Royal English Opera House, after which he again returned to concert and oratorio work. Mr. Salmond, who is the son of Mr. David Salmond, J.P., late of Gawthorne Hall, Yorkshire,



MR. NORMAN SALMOND.

Photo by W. Scott, Ilkley.

was educated at Halifax and Rugby. After leaving school he settled in Hull, and there entered the seed business, but in 1889 financial reverses induced him to consider the expediency of adopting singing as his profession, for he had always possessed great musical talent, and, having discovered a voice really worth cultivating, he began his studies under Mr. R. Lancelot, of Hull. Then he came to London to perfect his studies, and was soon heard at all the best concerts, making instantaneous successes at the "Pops," Crystal Palace, Ballad, and other concerts, as well as with the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, and, later, at the Leeds and other leading Festivals. His return to the stage was made on the production of "The Magic Opal," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in October 1893, but at the close of the run of that piece he returned again to the quieter work of the concert-platform. Mr. Salmond inherits his love of music from his mother, a very talented amateur, and it was under her guidance that he began to study the piano when only seven years of age.

"Autolycus," of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the other day suggested as an architectural criticism upon the Houses of Parliament that there was no reason why they should not continue to Chelsea. Therewith, as I read, a faint echo touched me from the past, and, twanging my lyre, I sang—

Your words are good, your words are wise,
Your words are exceedingly neat;
The Houses of Parliament (none denies)
Have the tedious look of a street;
Why they shouldn't drag on to Chelsea Keep
No reason can be, therefore;
I only suggest of your words so deep—
That Thackeray said 'em before.

I vision your bland architectural air
As you gazed at the Pile from the River;
I guess, when the sentiment struck you there,
You sized it as shockingly clever;
And clever it is, as the world will allow,
'Tis a jewel of critical lore;
I only suggest (with a smile and a bow)—
That Thackeray said it before.

A pretty picture was presented by Miss Nairne Armour, aged four and a-half, as she appeared at the "Monks" Fancy-Dress Children's Ball at Edinburgh. In correct "pink," with tan gloves, and carrying a horn kindly lent by Cotesworth, huntsman of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds, little Miss Armour made the hit of the evening. Miss Armour is the daughter of a very keen sportsman, Mr. Harry Armour, of Edinburgh. She takes the greatest delight in horses and dogs, and her favourite mount is her father's biggest hunter, an animal of seventeen hands two inches.



MISS NAIRNE ARMOUR.

Photo by J. Davidson, Edinburgh.

There is quite a little fluster in the Oxford seminaries over the recent version of Father Maturin, although his loyalty had for some time been suspected. In this connection it is worthy of note that Roman Catholicism has an influential following among the undergraduates themselves. At present there are upwards of fifty Roman Catholics in residence, scattered among the different colleges, and a very flourishing society, the "Newman," knits them together just now in a not too exacting observance of Lent. In fact, their Lenten fare, which is prepared by a very good chef, must be quite a relief after the perfunctory meals of the college cooks.

Mr. Edmund Routledge, who has purchased the *Court Circular*, has reissued his "Penny Table Book," which is a wonderful compendium of the facts everybody ought to know.

Sandow, the strong man, is once more appearing at the Pavilion in his wonderful feats.

The personal success gained by Madame Fanny Moody at Johannesburg, particularly with her many fellow Cornish folk on the Rand, came

to a climax with the farewell concert given by her, her husband Mr. Charles Manners, and the rest of their party. A testimonial had been organised by the Cornish Association, and it took the form of a handsome diamond tiara bearing the arms of Cornwall, Great Britain, and the Transvaal, and also the Cornish motto, "One and All." This was presented to Madame Moody amid immense enthusiasm, and her husband also received a diamond solitaire, together with a congratulatory address. Few artists have achieved more kudos in Johannesburg than has Madame Moody, and she, I presume, will remember that it was Sir Augustus Harris who originally arranged this South African expedition for her. I am looking forward to her return to her native shores. While Madame Moody has been scoring in South Africa, her younger sister has been making a hit in the English provinces in "The Geisha."



MISS HILDA MOODY AS O MIMOSA SAN.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

to her return to her native shores. While Madame Moody has been scoring in South Africa, her younger sister has been making a hit in the English provinces in "The Geisha."

The very mixed reception accorded to "The Quest of the Golden Girl" in this country probably indicates, as I hinted last week, that Britons aim at Bowdlerising the Bodley. If so, their plan of campaign has been checkmated by Mr. John Lane,

who has issued a poster of the book by Miss Ethel Reed, in which you see a maiden with golden hair hanging down her back, and the pretty poll of Narcissus buried in her lap.

That is one way of advertising what some people consider a naughty book. The editor of the *Windsor Magazine* has hit upon another plan, for I learn from the current issue of the *Review of Reviews* that he has been Bowdlerising Mr. Hall Caine's story "The Christian." The emendations, of course, were merely textual, though the actual tenor of the whole passages was quite as objectionable on the same level of criticism. A clergyman called the girl a member of what Mr. Kipling once described as the "oldest profession in the world"—which is classic. The *Windsor* Bowdler, on the other hand, indicates that this



MISS ETHEL REED'S POSTER FOR
"THE GOLDEN GIRL."

bold, bad parson called her "a cruel name"—which is silly. Puzzle: What was the word used by Mr. Caine? You see, the Index Expurgatorius is known at other places than the Vatican.

Oh, the literary Maple,
In supplying fiction staple,
Has a power that's almost papal
At command;
For he makes a man of letters
Do his little dance in fetters,
Lest he vitiates the morals of the land
Though Cain, 'tis true, killed Abel,
Plunging all the world in Babel,
Yet the editor is able
To kill Caine.
You may think him rather scurvy—
It's the Law of Topsy-turvy
Which is constantly upsetting every reign.
If my Bowdler sees in Suckling
Not the least excuse for chuckling,
If he never dreams of buckling
"Extra" Bohns,
If you find him quite unyielding
'To the glamour of our fielding
And the shockingly immoral Mr. Jones,
Does the poetry symphonic
Of the saga Solomonic
In its being non-Platonic
Give him qualms?
Does he marvel much that David
Could have possibly been saved?—
I refer, of course, to David of the Psalms.
Would it strike him as a libel
If he Bowdlerised the Bible
Where it pictures any shy belle
Such as Jael?
For I note the modern madam
Is improving on old Adam
In her hurry to be equal with the male.
Yet there's charm in Bowdlerising,
For you're adding while excising—
Which may strike you as surprising
Or absurd—
Yet, by acting as a weeder,
You are giving to the reader
Just the very chance to guess the missing word.

Dr. Ehlers, whom the Danish Government sent out in the summer of 1895, along with an English, a French, and a German colleague, to study the causes of leprosy in Iceland, has written a series of very interesting articles about Iceland in one of the Danish papers. He says that in some parts of Iceland, especially round the larger lakes, Thingvallavatn, Myvatn, and Svinavatn, the mosquitoes and flies have become so much of a plague that people living round Myvatn (Mosquito Water) are obliged, while working in the fields, to protect their hands and faces by gloves, veils, or masks. Iceland has neither reptiles nor toads to destroy these small tormentors. The English physician, therefore, devised a very clever plan, and his German colleague and Dr. Ehlers carried it out, to import frogs to Iceland. The German took along with him

a hundred vigorous frogs from Köpenick, and Dr. Ehlers took a supply of forty frogs, which he had captured with great difficulty at Charlottenlund, the summer residence of the Crown Prince of Denmark. While the frogs from Germany—in a packing-case riddled with holes and lined with rushes, and drenched with fresh water several times a day—endured the long voyage capitally, thirty-eight out of the Danish frogs died the very first night they spent on board of a contagious disease the nature and cause of which baffled the understanding of the learned doctors, though it was pronounced by the first mate to be home-sickness. At any rate, the frogs were let loose on July 19, 1895, in a bog north of the hot springs by Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, the doctors hoping that kind folks would introduce them later on to the mosquitoes and flies at Thingvallavatn. Croaking merrily, the hundred and two frogs disappeared in the bog. "Perhaps," adds Dr. Ehlers, "my English colleague's plan will succeed, or perhaps July 19, 1895, will only be remembered by the ducks that waddled up to the spot from the shore and surveyed the little unknown beings with great interest."

I do not know any method of getting a good rest within an hour's run of London better than that which I hit on the other day, when I took train to Tunbridge Wells, and put up at the Wellington Hotel. The Wellington has just come under new management—that of Mr. and Mrs. Boston—but I do not think it was merely the proverbial new broom which so effectually cleared away all the cobwebs from my brain. There were some very nice and charming people staying at the hotel, and altogether I had a very good time.

When I left the Tivoli the other evening, I made up my mind that the best turn was not Biondi, but Louise Beaudet. She has a keen sense of comedy, to begin with; she can act admirably, and she can sing—three qualities that are rarely found among the grotesquely named serio-comics. Her singing of Letty Lind's clown song from "An Artist's Model" is delightful. Mlle. Beaudet, indeed, is an ideal recruit for either Daly's or the Gaiety—although, as my readers may remember from an account I published of her, she can don the sock and buskin of the legitimate.

Amateur players will be interested to learn that the one-act opera "El Escribano; or, The Rough and Ready Letter-Writer," first seen in 1891, written by Mr. R. P. Oglesby, and composed by Mr. A. E. Grimshaw, has been produced at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, with success. It tells the story of a professional letter-writer, Alfaro, who supplies two pairs of lovers with identical *billets dour*, and thereby rouses the green-eyed monster. Mr. Oglesby himself was the Alfaro, and sustained the reputation he has made for himself as Ravennes in "Erminie,"



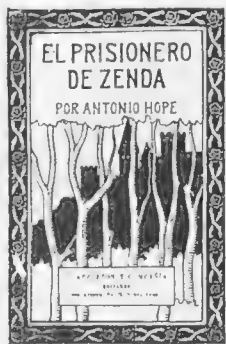
Dolores (Miss Dudley). Juan Alfaro (Mr. Oglesby). Inez (Miss Maud Sherman).

"EL ESCRIBANO," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.

Photo by Hoskins, Leeds.

Charles Favart, Larivaudière in "Madame Angot," and Gaspard in "Les Cloches de Corneville." The rest of the characters were played by ladies. Miss Grace Dudley, who was Dolores, is a sister of Mr. David Christie Murray, and Miss Katie Barry, her lover Fernand, is a sister of Miss Kitty Loftus, if I mistake not.

An admirable company has recently gone out to Australia, under engagement to Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove, to appear in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Sign of the Cross," and, possibly, "Under the Red Robe." The leading members of the company are Miss Ada Ferrar; Mr. Julius Knight, for a time one of Sir Henry Irving's young men;



"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" IN SPANISH.

Mr. W. F. Hawtrej, who will be the stage-manager; Mr. Gaston Merivale, one of the provincial Svengalis; and Miss Elliott Page, who was playing quite recently in "A White Stocking," at the Comedy. By the way, the Appletons of New York have had "The Prisoner" done into Spanish. People are often astonished when they hear for the first time that Spanish is very widely spoken. Of course, it is in South America that it is most in use, and for the public there the Appletons issue a great many translations.

But while England, in the shape of Mr. Anthony Hope, is supplying the Spaniard with romance, *The Sketch* has grievously offended one brave burgher of Bilbao. The other week I gave a picture of the Spanish soldiers shooting down rebels in the Philippines, remarking that the Spaniard was "essentially barbaric." Spain resents the phrase, for from Bilbao I have received this note—

SIR,—Please take off my name from your subscribers' list at the end of my actual subscription. I do not like to see that Spaniards are called barbarous in his just repression of flibustiers (*sic*) by English whose Colonial politic consists in a systematic destruction of pacific natives.

Need I say that I owe Spain no grudge, for has she not just given us Echegaray and his "Mariana"? All I reply is this—

There once lived a man in Bilbao
Who warned me—"Take care what you say O!"
I didn't. He took
His name from our book,
Because I had dared disobey O.
You see, he is quite a Quixote,
Who flies at my innocent throat eh?
John Bull is like Panza,
Thick-skinned, like my stanza,
Which may not be quite antidotey.

Fifty years ago almost to a day—to be quite accurate, March 22, 1847—the Highland Society of London met in the Freemason's Tavern, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Cambridge, to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of Alexandria. The Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington were there, and the Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the Duke of Rothesay were toasted with Highland honours as depicted in the sketch reproduced from the *Illustrated London News* of that date. Prince Albert waxed very enthusiastic about Scotland. "It is impossible for anyone to go to that country," he said, "to breathe its fresh and bracing air, to see its beautiful scenery, and live among the simple, hearty, and kind people of Scotland, without receiving the most favourable impressions."

On the same day the fourth anniversary of the opening of Brunel's historic tunnel under the Thames was celebrated by a great fancy fair. The tunnel was illuminated by one hundred thousand variegated lamps, and "with brilliant devices in gas, and decorated with evergreens and flags. The visitors were amused by posturers, bands of music (one of



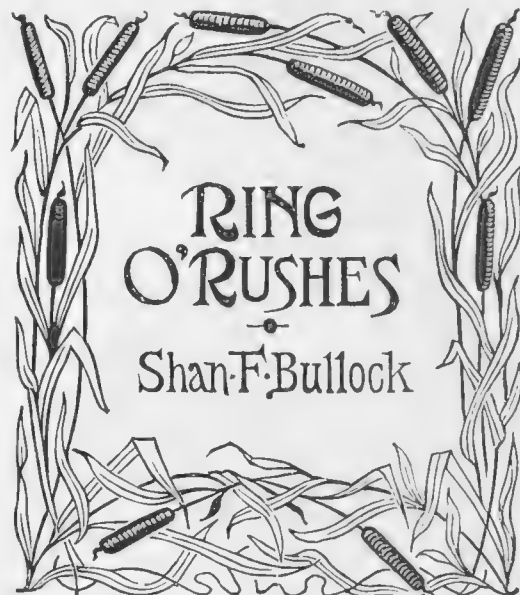
A HIGHLAND TOAST IN LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.
Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News."

females playing saxhorns), and the Wizard of the North." And fifty years later we are having the new tunnel at Blackwall opened by that "Duke of Rothesay" who was then but six years old. The "brilliant devices in gas" appear quite antiquated in the face of the electric light. It is all very curious.

I have received an astonishing pamphlet, entitled "Palestine Exploration: Further Revelations! Chiefly Concerning the Discovery of 'Whitty's Wall' at Jerusalem (King Solomon's Rampart). By the Rev. John Irwine Whitty, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A." I gather from this that, thirty-five years ago, the Prince of Wales, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Whitty sat in a tent a bow-shot from the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, that Dr. Whitty explained his views of Palestine Exploration, and that his distinguished companions endorsed them there and then. More than that, Dr. Whitty discovered a wall that bears his name, a much superior wall to Robinson's Wall and Williams's Wall, so called after rival explorers. So far, so good, though the spirit of King Solomon might be perturbed by this intrusion of a Robinson, a Williams, and even a Whitty, upon his rampart. But what are the "further revelations," and what is the whole pother about? Well, it seems that misguided men have tried to rob Dr. Whitty of his wall, and the credit due to him as the only true and original founder of the Palestine Exploration Fund. It is difficult to believe that such miscreants can have lived. They have even pooch-pooched his views as to the water-supply of Jerusalem. I had no idea that such iniquity was abroad, and I have read Dr. Whitty's pamphlet with pain and wonder. Every laurel which is the private property of this scholar and explorer has been placed upon some other man's brow. I hope every citizen will read the pamphlet, and address a postcard on the subject to Lord Salisbury. It is time for a new Crusade—for the rescue of Whitty's Wall from the toils of usurpers and supplanters!

The author of "By Thrasna River" has published a little volume of sketches, "Ring o' Rushes" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), full of types of Irish life and character. I remember that when I read "By Thrasna River,"

I thought that it pulsed with the very heart's blood of the Irish peasantry, and I was glad to see that opinion repeated in other quarters. In the introduction to his new volume Mr. Shan F. Bullock gives touching expression to that vivid patriotism which is the whole spirit of his graphic art. "Often, no doubt," he says, writing of that part of the North of Ireland which he knows so well, "have you gone farther and fared better; your feet are heavy with Irish clay, your eyes



weary of Irish rushes, hedges, hills; you have met only heavy-footed peasants by the way, heard only the brogue and the skirl of the curlews; you say, not without reason, that some great lord of the soil easily might hold our poor Ring o' Rushes in the hollow of his hand; still, strange to say, many worthy souls live happily among those barren hills, and love them steadfastly; some, exiles in this bustling outer world, have left their hearts there; and one there is, a poor, smoke-dried citizen now, who, as he stands sometimes blinking across his garden fence at a sky of fog and a landscape of bricks, has been known to cry out within himself that not all London is worth the hill and valley over which Rhamus Castle keeps watch and ward." Rhamus Castle is unknown to me, but in Mr. Bullock's pages I can see its country in spirit with perfect clearness, and the men and women, young and old, whose hard, striving lives and unquenchable gaiety of heart give to the stories in "Ring o' Rushes" an embracing atmosphere of tenderness and humour.

I am not enamoured of the title of the newest "new" library, the first number of which has been recently issued by Messrs. Cheshire and Co., Liverpool. The title is "The Liver Library." Does this mean that it is good for "liver"; or that, like the thousand things Mr. G. R. Sims has tried, it is not only *not* good for "liver," but actually produces that unenviable condition; or that it is an unhappy play on the name of the town from which it emanates? Personally, I am disposed to favour the second conjecture, for "A Tragedy of Temperament," by Mr. E. Haslingden Russell, is not an enlivening book. It is a study in disillusionment, cleverly and unpretentiously written (something to be grateful for), but almost barbarously crude in its cruelty. The final disillusionment of the unhappy Christina reminds one of that weird bit of hysteria "Without Sin"; but the unpleasantness of the theme has no "Messianic relief" such as Mrs. Pritchard Martin's book possesses. Frankly, clever as "A Tragedy of Temperament" is, it gave me a bad three-quarters of an hour, and I felt sorry I had started to read it. The author, I may here remark, is a son of Sir Edward Russell, and a brother-in-law of the late Tom Robertson.

A story of gallantry which has seldom been equalled in Australian waters, and in which Chief Officer F. J. Ranken, R.N.R., and six sailors of the R.M.S. *Orient* were the heroes, has raised great enthusiasm in Sydney. The *Orient*, in charge of Captain H. E. Inskip, left Port



THE "ORIENT'S" BOAT TAKING PROVISIONS TO THE "PHILLIS."
From a Painting by G. F. Gregor

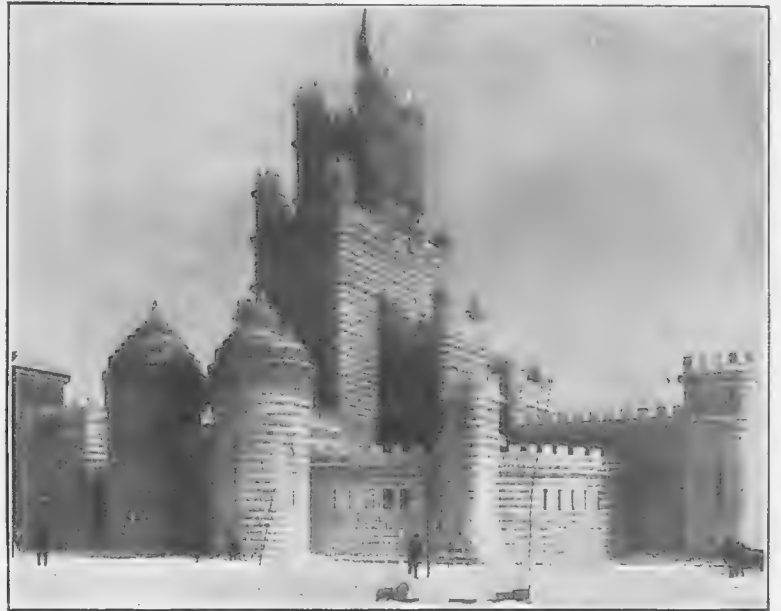
Melbourne on Saturday, Jan. 9, in continuation of her voyage from London. A strong south-west wind was blowing, which increased to a heavy gale, and caused a confused and mountainous sea. At four o'clock next afternoon a vessel was sighted showing distress signals. This proved to be the brig *Phillis*, of Sydney, and she signalled "Want food—starving." The captain of the *Orient* hesitated about risking the lives of his men in sending a boat in such untoward weather, but several of the crew and Mr. Ranken elected to go. The boat was lowered with great difficulty, and Captain Inskip brought his ship as near to the brig as was consistent with safety. The boat was several times almost lost in its passage to the brig, and those on board the *Orient* thought she could not live in the tempestuous sea; but, being skilfully handled, she was brought near enough to get the supplies hauled on board, though with great difficulty. When about to return to the *Orient*, a squall of hurricane force, with hail and rain, came on, and the boat could scarcely be seen from the steamer. After several unsuccessful attempts, the boat was got on the lee-side, and, with a rope thrown to each man, they were all safely got on board, but in an almost exhausted condition. It was impossible to haul the boat up the ship's side, so she was let go, and drifted away. When the *Orient* reached Sydney these brave men were made the heroes of a great meeting in the Town Hall. Lady Hampden, wife of the Governor of New South Wales, as the representative of the Queen, pinned silver medals on the breasts of the heroes which the National Shipwreck Society had awarded; then presented each of the crew with five pounds. Voluntary subscriptions have augmented this sum to ten pounds for each man. To the Chief Officer—who, by the way, is an Australian—a gold medal



PRESENTATION TO THE "ORIENT" HEROES IN THE SYDNEY TOWN HALL.

was presented, and also a pair of binocular glasses. He could not be induced to do more than bow his thanks; but Captain Inskip, who is very popular, made a speech.

Montreal has been described as the finest city in Eastern Canada, and the description is not far amiss. Certainly in the way of amusement it ranks second to none, Toronto perhaps excepted. The last Ice Carnival, held several years ago in Montreal, attracted so many thousands of pleasure-seekers from every part of Canada, and from many parts of the United States as well, that it was only with difficulty all the visitors could find suitable accommodation. Balls were held every night in the magnificent and picturesque Ice Palace, which was capable of holding many thousands of persons, and the goddess of pleasure ran riot in more senses than one. Of late years the winters have been less rigorous, and therefore less adapted to this particular sort of dissipation, but the idea



ICE PALACE IN MONTREAL.

of organising a carnival during last winter was at one time seriously entertained. As it is, an Ice Carnival conducted upon very extravagant lines will most likely be held there next Christmas.

The average Englishman (writes a correspondent) is not particularly well up in geography, and this is not to be wondered at considering the peculiar information at his disposal. An argument having arisen between myself and a friend as to the largest island in the world, we agreed to settle it by reference to a usually reliable Almanack. This made matters worse, as we found in turn that New Guinea (234,768 square miles) is largest, after Australia; Madagascar (230,000 square miles) third largest, and Borneo (280,000 square miles) third largest. Thus there are two "third largests," one of which is about 45,000 square miles bigger than the second largest. We then appealed to a well-known and reliable Gazetteer. This informed us that Borneo (284,485 square miles) is the largest island, "except Australia," in the world, and that New Guinea (303,421 square miles) is the largest, "after Australia," in the world. We gave it up. Of course, one can understand that errors must creep into works of the sort, but these appear to be rather worse than the general run.

Apropos of misleading information as to geography, other people than compilers of gazetteers occasionally go a little wrong. I note that but a few days ago the clever leader-writer of one of our great dailies, after the Benin Expedition, or the Naval portion of it, had returned to the ships, announced the capture of Ilorin by that force, citing it as something of a "record," which, indeed, it was. Of course, it was Sir George Goldie's Niger Expedition which took Ilorin, not, as stated, Admiral Rawson's Benin Expedition. But if Englishmen at home possess unique geographical information, our kinsmen in South Africa are presented with equally strange historical lore. Thus a leading sixpenny weekly there recently enlarged on the "glorious history" of a British regiment which had just landed. During its existence it had fought at Venlerra, Talayerra, Bussacs, Frenes d'Onor, and Cindad Rodrigo! This must have been surprising news to the gallant regiment, and it is to be hoped that its "honours" list will be revised and its ancient history brought up to date.

Captain Twining, R.E., writing from the Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada, apropos of my description of the wanderings of Captain MacMahon's dachshund Donnie II, says—

On behalf of my English-bred fox-terrier Pup, I must contest Donnie's claim to the honour of being the most-travelled dog of his day, and, in support of my contention, I append the following account of Pup's journeyings made in the company of his master. Born in England, April 1888, he travelled to Karachi (Scinde), thence to Quetta (Biluchistan), thence to Peshawar, and up the Kabul River to within a few miles of Dhakka, a hot-weather at the top of the Khyber Pass; thence to Lahore and Quetta, and thence to Srinagar (Kashmir). He had six months' travelling in Kashmir and into Ladakh, as far as Ley, on the borders of Chinese Thibet; went back again to Quetta, thence through the Zhob and Gomul Valleys, where he made the acquaintance of Captain MacMahon, who was Political Officer with the party. From the Zhob he went to Dalhousie, in the Himalayas, through the Kulu Valley into Lahorel, and thence through the Himalayas to Simla. Thence to Bombay, thence to Mombasa (East Africa), thence through East Central Africa to Lake Victoria Nyanza, back to the coast, and thence to London. From London he went to New York, through a part of Canada and the United States, to his present home in Kingston. In the course of his wanderings he has made use of every known means of transport, from an ocean-steamer to a Zanzibari porter, and, despite the many miles he has travelled, his youth still remains with him.



PUP.

The advisability, necessity, or whatever your opinions require you to call it, of "rounding" the ears of foxhounds has cropped up again. Of all mutilations this, in my judgment, has most to justify it. You can show an excellent case against cropping bull-terriers' ears, fox-terriers' tails, and against docking horses, but against rounding the ears of hounds, much of whose work is done in dense and thorny coverts, it is difficult to object. It does not improve the looks of the hound, but no man who has seen the state into which the long, natural "lappet" gets after a few weeks' work would maintain his objection to the practice of rounding, namely, removing with a cutting-machine made for the purpose a considerable portion of the lappet. The most careful kennel huntsman cannot be sure he has removed every thornlet that finds its way into the lappet—*vide* the difficulty of getting a gorse-thorn out of your own finger—and these, if left in, are more than likely to result in sores and inflammation productive of far more pain and inconvenience than the actual operation of rounding. That takes less than half a minute, and the demeanour of the puppy afterwards proves that there is little pain apart from the actual cutting, which certainly does hurt him.

By the way, mention of the practice of curtailing (no pun intended) the tail of the fox-terrier invites speculation as to whether persistence in the practice will eventually produce a dog with a short tail. My own belief is that it will. Among my canine acquaintance is a well-bred fox-terrier who, in early puppyhood, came into his owner's possession uncropped, and who has remained uncropped. Just where his tail under less happy circumstances would have been cut, there is an abrupt reduction in its thickness, as though the tail expected to stop there, and had continued, in a half-hearted spirit, to complete a natural development which experience had proved would not be wanted. This little dog's tail is a striking and well-marked example of Nature's willingness to accommodate her work to artificial conditions. The fox-terrier is a breed of, I think, not much more than a quarter of a century's standing, and the instance I mention seems to indicate that the unfashionable excess of tail would in time disappear. Whether it will be allowed opportunity is another question; the practice of docking bull-terriers' ears has been declared illegal, and is therefore discountenanced by the Kennel Club; and the fox-terrier has quite as much right to keep his tail as the bull-terrier his ears, though the tail-docking process is infinitely less painful and liable to abuse.



MOOSE.

The railway now crosses the entire island, and has opened up splendid fields for sport. It is true that a licence must be taken out by all sportsmen who are not residents, and that the number of heads to each gun is restricted to five. This was in

consequence of the wholesale slaughter of deer some two years ago by a party of officers from one of her Majesty's ships. Magnificent salmon-fishing is also to be had, and grouse and wild-fowl are abundant. I am a native of St. John's, the capital, but, with the exception of a recent visit, have been absent from the island for many years. I was, however, so much struck with the excellence of the sport to be obtained there that I intend to organise a party, if possible, to go out there this year.

I have received from Johannesburg a photograph of a perfectly snow-white springbuck, which is said to be the only albino of the species ever seen in South Africa. It was caught while quite young in the Orange Free State, where these pretty animals, which are usually of a brown colour, may be seen, as in other parts of South Africa, in droves of many hundreds running wild on the veldt. Its mother, which was shot at the time of its capture, was of the ordinary brown colour.

Women have a great deal to answer for, so have gamekeepers, gardeners, farmers, and mischievous boys. They are the born enemies of birds, and the natural enemies of the Society for the Protection of Birds, which has started on an educational crusade to raise the public against them. The first number of its educational series treats of nine of the most persecuted of birds, the owl, the woodpecker, the starling, among them, and may be said to be the best shillingsworth at present in the natural history market. Four of our legislators appear in this number as ornithologists—Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., who writes on Woodpeckers; Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., on Kingfishers; Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., on Titmice, and Mr. Joseph A. Pease, M.P., on Plovers; and it may be added that, as ornithologists, they quite



A SNOW-WHITE SPRINGBUCK.

sustain their reputations made as legislators. Possibly they will do more to avert the complete destruction of some of our most welcome and harmless birds by their wisely and well written articles than by the Acts they have helped to frame for their protection.

With reference to the efforts of the society, a correspondent who is cordially in sympathy with the work asks me to offer a suggestion. He points out that it is hopeless to try and persuade "women of a certain order of mind to forego the mysterious joys accruing to plumage-decked headgear"; and, this being so, he urges the society to bestir itself in a new direction, and try to provide some means whereby feathers for hats and bonnets may be supplied without involving the slaughter of birds useless for food. The feathers of many breeds of domestic fowls and pigeons are capable of being worked up into beautiful plumes, with or without the aid of dyes; and all game-birds furnish plumage which, used with taste and discretion, would adorn hats "quite as well as, or much better than, the melancholy corpses of parrots and gulls which, in amazing attitudes, stare at me in the streets and from milliners' windows." He says, "I am a bit of an ornithologist, and can assure the wearers that many of the small 'birds' used in millinery are the creations of milliners, and not of Nature. The wearers don't know this, and would not care if they did. Cannot the manufacture of these satisfying counterfeits from feathers which now find their way to the ash-pit be encouraged by the society?" It seems to me that there are possibilities in the suggestion; it might be feasible to create an industry which would provide congenial work for women who seek employment, and at the same time deal a blow at the abominable trade in plumage-birds which is at present so flourishing.

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THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC.

THE THEATRE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

South Africa is likely to become a regular gold-mine to the English actor. At least, Mr. Herbert Flemming has found it so, and on the eve of his return to the Cape a representative of *The Sketch* called upon him in his quarters in London, where he was found amid a magnificent collection

of assegais, shields, and other weapons of offence and defence, which seem likely to rather obscure the boomerang and tapacloth that once were so characteristic of his cosy chambers.

Mr. Flemming's career may well be the envy of his brother actors. His art has led him through all the most picturesque and charming scenery of the Southern spheres; and locomotion seems indeed a thing of nought when Mr. Flemming airily passes from a humorous description of a one-night stand in New Zealand to the weirdness of a private performance in a Rajah's palace in Central India.

"At the same time impressive and depressing, nothing could be more mysterious than the huge, shrouded chamber wherein we played; no laughter, no sound of any kind; but behind

Miss Achurch and Mr. Charrington. Miss Achurch's best work, he maintains, has not yet been done in this country, so the London public, which has known her long and well, will be glad to welcome her in one of her stormier powerful parts. He seemed rather disinclined to talk of his London successes in the "Doll's House," also "The Cotton King," where he quite banished the old-fashioned stage Jew with his fine impersonation of Fonseca. "The Woman's Revenge" and many other pieces must be passed by, and he is again down under, this time not on the wallaby track, but on the trek.

In Cape Town, Johannesburg, Kimberley, Durban, and the other towns of South Africa, his figure is as well known as that of Cecil Rhodes, and only less popular than that of the Doctor; and he has the advantage of these in being also welcome at Pretoria, where Kruger, who has a biblical horror of stage plays, graciously accepted a souvenir of his company, which opened the new theatre there last Christmas, playing in a fortnight "The New Boy," "Liberty Hall," "Captain Swift," "Sweet Lavender," "Charley's Aunt," "The Idler," and "The Prude's Progress."

What Mr. Flemming values more than the many rare curios he has collected in his travels is the fine diamond presented spontaneously by the company at the end of their pleasant and unprecedentedly successful tour, and even more than the stone to him is the frank esteem with which he inspired his people, expressed in the address which accompanied the gift.

His new company sails on the 27th inst., by the *Tartar*, with all the recent London successes. He is again accompanied by his old confidential assistant and stage-manager, Mr. W. Devereux, and also by Miss Hope Dudley, whose fair face adorns this page.

With an exceptional company, Mr. Flemming firmly hopes to beat his own record, and all who value our English tongue will wish him success in his distant journeyings.

AN AXIOM OF EUCLID—MODERNISED.

Euclid the great, peace be to his remains,

The following did once enunciate:

"The whole is greater than its part."—Maintains,

The man of figures this, he errs; I state

The contrary, and am prepared to prove it,

Great though the whole, its part ranks high above it;

In fact, to make use of old Euclid's figure,

If A (the whole) be big, B (part) is bigger.

Call A the world—*le monde* we say in France;

Abstract from A (*le monde*) the half (*demi*),

Result, we get *le demi-monde*; your chance

To prove me wrong has taken wings, you see,

For everybody knows, whate'er they say,

B rules, and always has controlled poor A.

(I do not state my axiom at random;

I live in France)—*Quod erat demonstrandum*.

Of course, this won't hold good *en Angleterre*,

The *demi-monde* is non-existent there.—JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



MISS HOPE DUDLEY.

Photo by Harris and Gilman, Post Elizabeth.

the perforated hangings, absorbed and eager-eyed, were some of the loveliest women of the East." I should dearly have loved here to question Mr. Flemming on the luxurious beauty of the Eastern houri, and that extreme of physical perfection and moral debasement, the Eurasian woman; but a twinkle of the eye and a growing enthusiasm in the voice warned me that, should I persist, but little space would remain for other details. From the sandy heat of Melbourne to the northern deserts of the Never-Never Land, in a country where the North means fierce sunshine and arid wastes, where the sands throw back heat from so relentless a sun that the early explorers found the ink dry upon their pens, Mr. Flemming has acted, step by step—or rather, stage by stage of those picturesque coaches so well described in Rolf Boldrewood's thrilling pages. But it is when he speaks of the tea-plantations of Colombo that Mr. Flemming shows most inclination to linger and let his memory play with the past.

"Never," he said, "during a life of wandering, cheered by hospitality sometimes almost aggressive, have I so quickly felt at home. After many years' unintermittent work—and what work tells so quickly on the nerves as the mimic suffering of life's fiercer passions?—you may judge how readily my companions and myself accepted a cordial invitation to the uplands of Nyanza and Maskelya. Starting with the intention of enjoying ourselves, we turned each incident to humorous pleasure. The railway ended long before we arrived at our destination, and the alarms and nervous troubles of the ladies in their palquees—a kind of palanquin, roofed with fresh palm-leaves—and the cries of the coolies, were an endless source of amusement. As our journey ended, one of my companions, who was slightly the gourmand, his stomach possibly edged by travelling, grew very apprehensive about the cuisine, but our arrival eased his doubts. Our hosts had enticed to their bungalows two chefs from the P. and O. steamers, and voyagers by those excellent boats may easily guess how justly his fears were allayed."

Madras, Calcutta, Agra, Lucknow, Delhi, and Bombay, with their civilisation that grew old too soon, each claimed his wonder and praise; but India could not endure for ever except for the Hindoo. So our irrepressible actor bobs up in the Khedival Palace at Cairo—earnest, indefatigable, performing the "Doll's House," with its sentiment of the future, in the land that languishes because it cannot forget its past—

A goodly time, a goodly time,
For this was in the golden prime
Of the good Haroun al Raschid.

Tennyson's lines come back irresistibly, and the Egypt of the Caliphs seems to live again in Mr. Flemming's rapturous description of the garden gaities by the colour-changing Nile.

A humorous incident occurred there which really cannot be passed over, although at the time the inconvenience was more evident than the humour. The advance agent was selected rather for culture than business ability, and arriving in Cairo and finding a large French population, he promptly posted "Forget Me Not" as "Ne M'Oubliez Pas."

It is pleasant to hear the appreciation Mr. Flemming lavishes on



MR. HERBERT FLEMMING IN "ROBBERY UNDER ARMS."

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

GIBBON AGAIN.*

In a famous passage Gibbon has told how, in 1787, he wrote the last line of the last page of "The Decline and Fall." Next year he began his *Memoirs*. But the feeling, the search for a phrase, or even for a word, which had made him write parts of his *History* three times over, remained to torment him, and to delight the world of letters. Hence, from 1788 to 1793, Gibbon commenced his *Memoirs* six times over. His *Letters*, in a far more complete form than they have ever appeared before, and with excellent notes by Mr. Prothero, are also now published. These three volumes are the material upon which, with his great *History*, any study of Gibbon's life and character must hereafter chiefly be based.

All the six sketches are unfinished. They are of unequal length and of unequal importance, and some of them travel over the same ground. In one, Gibbon tells the world in March 1791 that he reckons upon fifteen years more of life. But, alas! the blind Fury, with the abhorred shears, was much nearer, and nipped the thin-spun life in January 1794.

One *Memoir*, called "Memoir F." (the "latest and most perfect"), comes down only to that time in 1753 when Gibbon "read, applauded, and believed" some "Popish books," and confessed himself a Catholic. "Memoir E.," though dealing less fully with the earlier period, extends to 1789, when, the *History* finished, Gibbon first rejoiced and was then sad, for he had taken his "everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion." But what the world has known for a century as Gibbon's *Memoirs* or *Autobiography* was made up of extracts from five of the six sketches, and, indeed, includes one most famous passage—that on Fielding and "Tom Jones," which should outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle—now seen not to have been in any *Memoir*. It is a separate fragment, fortunately preserved.

In fact, although Gibbon's friend and literary executor, the first Lord Sheffield, published only a compilation, it was a compilation made with great skill and judgment.

The history of the earlier *Memoir* of Gibbon is now made clear by these volumes and the Holroyd *Letters*. It was not Lord Sheffield, but Lady Sheffield and her clever stepdaughter, Maria Josepha Holroyd, who were the real editors. The pencil handwriting of Miss Holroyd still stands on the original manuscript pages, and she was evidently pleased to be editing "Mr. Gib." as she irreverently called him. "My lady and I are working busily at the *Memoirs* (says she), and are excellent devils." They certainly were excellent editors—as skilful, as fair, and as bold as could be reasonably expected. Vain repetitions are avoided, and this alone accounts for nearly all that third of the original manuscript which was omitted in 1799. Few, very few, words are found to be altered. Many of the omissions were with

an eye to that eternal censor, Mrs. Grundy. "There are passages in the *Memoirs* (says Maria Josepha Holroyd) which it would be very unfit to publish." The unfitness has ceased, and all these passages and all the repetitions stand before us. They do not alter the opinion which the world had formed of Gibbon, of his industry, his learning, and his character. Gibbon had not the curse of modernity. His could not be the *Confessions* of a Rousseau, or even the introspections of an Amiel.

The omissions, now first published, are interesting, but not surprising. The equable Gibbon, "guiltless of hate, and proof against desire," could be neither a very good hater nor a very ardent lover. We have here no scarlet sins, no scandalous chronicles, to increase the number of readers at the expense of the writer, or of those whom he had called his friends. Gibbon is now permitted to plead guilty to early loss of money at cards and some rare intemperance. Few other frailties are drawn from the archives at Sheffield Place. "Even my youth," he says, "had been exempt from vice and folly."

For a hundred years now Gibbon, in that matter of Miss Curchod, has asserted that he did once "sigh as a lover"; but no one has ever been misled. Still less has the world ever believed the German lady, mentioned in one of Mr. Prothero's notes, who described Gibbon as stopping the country people near Lausanne, and "demanding, at the point of a naked dagger, whether a more amiable creature existed than

Suzanne Curchod." Gibbon lived long among the French, and, until the fall of the Bastille, loved that "polished and amiable people." No one would have deemed him guilty of an indiscretion, if the ladies who edited the earlier *Memoir* had not so severely cut Madame Bontemps, then dead for thirty years, but once the friend of Garrick and of Gibbon. She was about nineteen years his senior, but had been his greatest friend when, in 1763, Gibbon spent three months in Paris. It was in the height of the Anglomaniya, and Gibbon mixed, as did Hume almost at the same period, with the philosophers and grand dames, with the fashionable actors and actresses. But his chief delight was in the society of that charming Madame Bontemps. She had some literary pretensions, and was cheerful and "a devotee untainted with religious gall." But Madame was of an age to be regarded in a motherly light, and the letters show that this was the actual light. He met distinguished people at her parties, and by her, he, a fortunate friend, was sure of "being received every evening with the smile of confidence and joy."

The two great aversions of Gibbon were, first, his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon, who had absorbed too large a share of the family inheritance, and, secondly, and in a minor degree, Madame Pavilliard, the wife of the Lausanne pastor with whom Gibbon lived. She stinted him at his meals and sickened him with dirty table-cloths, which never appeared in the earlier printed *Memoir*, but are now spread more than once in this volume. Madame Pavilliard, however, only flits across the stage.



GIBBON'S BEDROOM AT LORD SHEFFIELD'S.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Miss Gibbon comes often, and stays longer. She is a larger, if not more pleasing, figure than before. His other aunt, poor Aunt Maria, "resigned herself to the world and the devil"; but Hester, "who by Gods was Miranda called," walked in the "way of salvation under the guidance of Mr. Law." Indeed, Law "died in the house, I may not say in the arms, of his beloved Miranda. . . ." "She hates all the enemies of God, and how can her enemies be his friends?" Now Miranda's character appears in all its naked or Gibbonian deformity. Nor was it here alone that Gibbon was too profane for his earlier editors. Even what they printed sometimes provoked a foot-note and a sigh from Dean Milman, and what they left unprinted concerning the elect and the parish church, that "occasional place of weekly study," would have shocked that learned churchman still more.

The repetitions in these unfinished *Memoirs* are interesting when we notice that, whilst Gibbon here omits one passage, and there another, some things always appear. These are all to his credit, for they are chiefly his friendships which he made early and kept for his lifetime, his love of independence and his passion for sound learning. This was, indeed, the only passion Gibbon ever knew. It vexed Rousseau, and it will vex many more; but by it Gibbon worked his work, and it has always impressed those who have had the "root of the matter" in them—to use a phrase less objectionable to Miranda than to her nephew. No wonder that, like Mark Pattison, all students have loved this book and read it till they knew whole paragraphs by heart, and were inspired by enthusiasm to follow it. Self-education more thorough, foundations more grandly laid, and a fabric more worthy of these labours, the world has never seen.

* "The Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon." Printed verbatim from hitherto unpublished manuscripts, with an Introduction by the Earl of Sheffield. Edited by John Murray. London: John Murray, 1897.
 "Private Letters of Edward Gibbon" (1753-94). Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. Two Vols. London: John Murray, 1896.

THE DUMPIES PORTRAIT OF WIDE-OUT

FRANK VER-BECK, DISCOVERER
ALBERT BIGELOW, PAINTER

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

One morning Commodore, who had of late been very attentive to Wide-out, asked her for a picture of herself to place in the parlour of his palace. Wide-out, who felt pleased and honoured by the request, hastened at once to Add-a-pose, Painter-in-eminence to his Royal Highness the Dumpling, and sat for her portrait. But when it came home she was greatly displeased, and returned it to the artist forthwith. She declared that it was by no means as plump as herself, and that it did her much injustice in other ways. Late

And gentle Wide-out burst in tears
At Waddle's work, and boxed his ears,
And grabbed some crayons, too;
And then she hastily began,
And of that very fresh young man
A frightful picture drew.

And then the Dumpy band entire
Was seized with fierce artistic fire,
And each, with chalks and pad,
Soon worked away right busily
At pictures wonderful to see,
And mostly very bad.

The Rabbit drew Sir 'Possum's face,
Sir 'Possum, with his tail, did trace
The features of the Owl;
The little Bears sat side by side,
And gazed upon the Goose and tried
To draw that noble fowl.

And Sober-sides drew Merry-wink,
And Merry paid him off, I think,
When Sober's face he drew;
While Jolly-boy and Commodore
Were drawn together o'er and o'er
By lovely Topsy-loo.

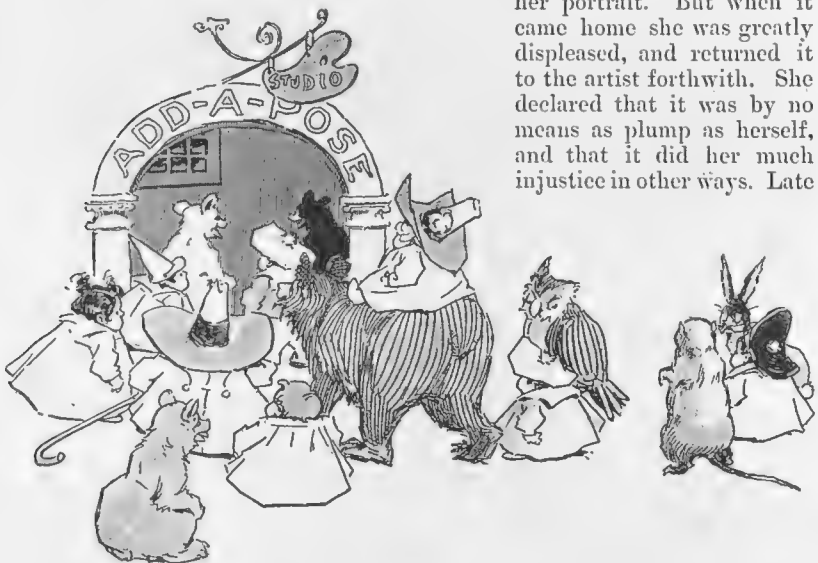
Till by-and-by they all got mad
Because the pictures were so bad,
And ended in a fight;
Oh, such a row as then occurred
In Dumpy Land was never heard
Or witnessed since that night!

And soon the Lord High Sheriff came,
And, calling every one by name,
He marched them to the King.
All bruised and bandaged then they went;
The 'Possum's noble tail was bent—
The Goose had sprained a wing.

And when, with many a grievous moan,
They stood before the Dumpling's throne,
They were a sorry sight;
And when the Dumpling looked them o'er
He burst into a merry roar
To see their wretched plight;

And, for a punishment, he vowed
That Add-a-pose should draw the crowd,
With bandages and all;
And ever since, in Dumpy Land,
This shameful picture of the band
Has graced the Dumpling's hall.

The picture of Wide-out was touched up and returned to her next day by the polite and forgiving Add-a-pose. Upon second thought she decided that it was a very good portrait of her indeed, and Commodore has it in his palace to this day.



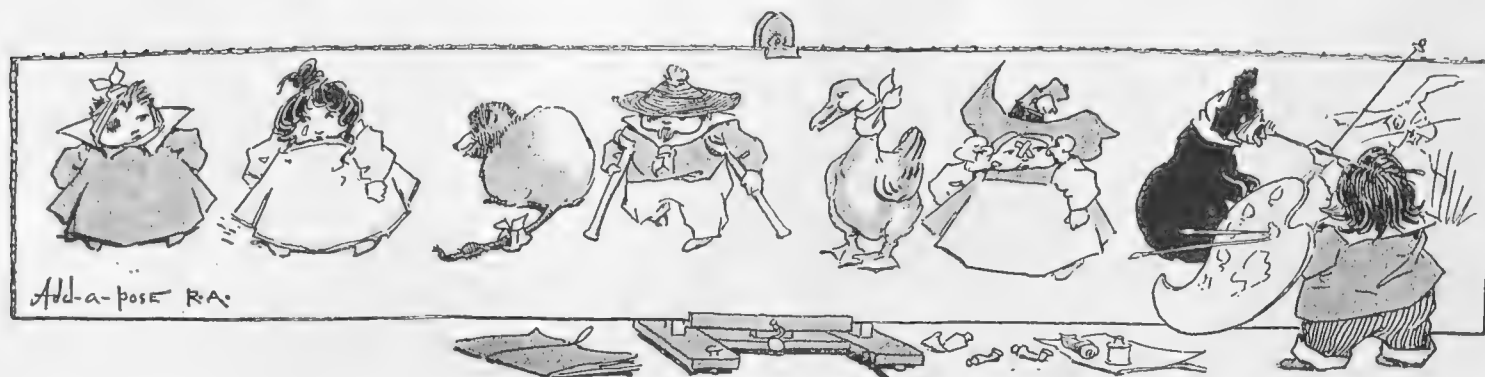
in the day the Dumpies and their animal friends went to Add-a-pose's studio, for they had a curiosity to see for themselves the picture that had brought discontent to the heart of the gentle Wide-out. The results of this visit have been recorded by the Poet Omelette in rhyme—

Now came the merry Dumpy band,
And gaily with them, hand in hand,
Each bird and quadruped.



They reached the painter's, side by side;
They found the doorway open wide,
But Add-a-pose had fled.

Fair Wide-out's picture soon they saw,
And gazed at it in silent awe,
Till Waddle did declare
That he could beat that work himself,
And took some crayons from a shelf
And tried it, then and there.



THE BEARDED VULTURE.

If one will turn up the catalogue of the thousands of birds in the shelves of the British Museum, it will be found that the Bearded Vulture, the subject of our illustration, occupies the first place on the list. Not that this bird is the highest or lowest of birds, but simply that the ornithologist had to start somewhere in his vast subject, so he opened his task with the Bearded Vulture. No one but an expert could distinguish it from an eagle at the first glance. It is destitute of the repulsive features of common vultures—the bald crown, the horrid wattles and cere, the mangy-looking feathers—but, for all that, it has as keen an eye

the doomed animal over the edge, and leisurely descends to feed on its shattered body. Even Alpine hunters are said to have shared a similar fate, and certainly many of the mountain Swiss stand superstitiously in awe of this bird. When hard pressed by hunger, it will feed on mice, rats, rabbits, or hares, but has a distinct preference for large carcasses where it may wallow in abundance. Some time ago there was a warm and prolonged dispute among naturalists as to how vultures discovered carrion. Was it by scent or by sight? The opinion generally held now is that it is by sight. Those who have spent some years in the tropics have been struck by the extraordinary acuteness of this faculty. In a district where no vulture has been seen for months, no sooner is the carcass of some unfortunate beast of burden lying by the wayside



THE BEARDED VULTURE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

and as decided a taste for dead carrion as any of its tribe. The fearless regal grandeur of the eagle does not belong to it; but no one who has spent a summer in Switzerland, or a season at the foot of the Himalayas, and seen it wing its majestic flight from the snow-clad heights to the plains below, can deny the magnificence of this bird. It has a stretch of wing nearly ten feet in extent, but in its lofty, steady flight it appears very much larger, and is supposed, by some, to be the original of that mysterious bird the Roc in "Sinbad the Sailor."

In Switzerland it is known as the lammergeyer—the lamb-vulture—for in the absence of dead carrion it readily enough becomes a bird of chase. Its talons not being formidable enough to kill its prey, it has to resort to a peculiar method of attack. It waits until some mountain-goat or chamois, feeding on the cliffs, approaches the edge of a precipice, and then swoops down, and, with a passing blow of its wings, hurls

than one can see upon the distant horizon some of those dismal scavengers of Nature winging their way to a disgusting feast. Our illustration represents a specimen of the Bearded Vulture from Northern India, which has been in the "Zoo" for some years. The vultures and eagles live side by side at the "Zoo," and share the same food.

When I visited the "Zoo" the other day, to pay a last visit to Toby, the blind, old, clownish Sea-lion, which has since died, I found the two Bearded Vultures, in their aviary beside the eagles, having a very fierce fight over the joint of some cabby's old nag which had formed part of their dinner. They were having it out in the good old way, but before they had finished an eagle in the adjacent aviary had somehow managed to filch the source of strife. The two vultures retired the best of friends to a corner, and will probably be wiser on the next occasion.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A GRAVE MATTER.

BY HAVEN HILD.

The citizens of Low-Down City had met in the principal and worst-built erection in the place, Pete Budd's "S'loon," to consider the desirability of establishing a recognised cemetery for the use of the local community. Low-Down was not an ancient city, nor was it a big one; its birth was recent and its size insignificant. Its population was daily increasing, however, and some improvements would have to be made if the town was to prosper and expand. The idea of the graveyard had struck them as demanding the first attention.

"Whar shell we hev this graveyard?" asked Pete, and Doc Moseley suggested that, as most of the killing was done "rite thar in the S'loon," the cemetery had best be located "somewhar clus handy."

The proposition found no favour, and the conference proceeded. Various situations were proposed and discussed, but abandoned for some reason or other, and it seemed as though the subject would have to be dropped, at least for the present.

Job Syllable had been sitting quietly in the corner, apparently taking no great interest in the proceedings, but at this juncture, however, he rose to the occasion and his feet.

"Pards," quoth he, a little thickly, "I reck'n I've got a durned sight better idea 'n any of yer."

"Hev ye any objection ter informin' the meetin' of thet same?" came the query.

"Nary, boss. What I subjest is this: as ye don't seem ter be able to settle upon a suitable spot fer yer graveyard jest now, postpone this hyur meetin' an'—"

"How 's thet goin' ter settle it? Ef we can't 'gree now we shan't 'gree any better later on," put in Arizona Tom.

"As I was sayin' 'fore our perlite pard chipped in," continued the speaker, "abandon this meetin' and leave the graveyard ter Providence."

"Wotinthunderdyer-mean?"

"Look ye hyur, pard Billee: take keer ye ain't the first galoot thet gets planted in Low-Down City's new graveyard! I warn ye!"

Billee subsided, and old Job went on. "I'm sweet-tempered by nature," he confessed. "I don't mind bein' interrupted once, nar twice, but I'm a royal Terror from Terrorville when I get run up against three times. Now, as I was 'remarkin', I perpose we leave this hyur subject ter the decidin' o' Providence. I'll explain my meaning," he added, helping himself to another bottle labelled "Lightning Conductor."

"Someone'll be bound ter get plugged 'fore long, pards, and I say let the spot where the first man dies from this moment mark the new cem'tery."

A roar broke out as Job finished, and Pete was kept busy for the next five minutes. The meeting, with scant regard for orthodoxy, broke up without a vote of thanks being passed for the chairman, but this may have been from the fact that no chairman had been appointed. The citizens of Low-Down were rare Socialists.

Old Job was voted a genius. His fertile brain had solved the difficulty in thoroughbred fashion. The adoption of his idea meant not only the location of the site for the graveyard, but it would provide the first candidate for burial honours as well.

Each one felt that great honour would be attached to the first "stiff," but the love of life was just as strong at Low-Down as it is anywhere else, and, if anything, the men avoided quarrelling as much as possible, and none seemed eager to run the risk of being "No. 1."

Three days passed, and still the great trouble remained upon Low-Down City. The men walked about like shadows; it was depressing. Who would have dreamt for a moment that the matter would have been so long prolonged? Why didn't someone get killed?

"Does Injuns count, pard Job?" Doc asked on the night of the fourth uneventful day.

"Our cem'tery," old Job thundered in reply, "is goin' ter be one fer men, not Injuns. Unnerstan' thet." And Doc did.

On the evening of the fifth pacific day angry words suddenly arose in the S'loon, and men jumped to their feet white with excitement. Nat Warner and Arizona Tom were playing poker, and Nat was losing his money and his temper.

If a death occurred in the S'loon, it meant the removal of the building to make room for the cemetery, as the men, once they had passed a resolution, were determined never to go back on it, and the meeting had unanimously resolved that wherever the dead man was there should the cemetery be.

Pete came forward and, with tears in his eyes, begged the disputants to convey themselves and their quarrel outside. Now here Pete did a foolish thing. His words sobered the angry pair at once. If he had only held his peace and let the men get their dander right up, then there is no doubt but that the event would have taken place for which all Low-Down was waiting.

But, then, Pete was thinking of convenience, not the cemetery.

The chance had come and gone, and a whole week sped by without incident.

It all happened on a Friday, of course! It was near old Job's cabin, just where the river divided. Pete sent Billee to old Job's

diggings to ask him to step over to the S'loon and look at the new mare he had just bought, and because Billee, in his hurry, collided with the old digger at the corner of the shanty, Job got riled and swore at Billee, and then *he* lost his temper.

"Go 'n tell ol' Pete he kin go ter blazes," shouted Job, "an' thet his mare'll come in handy for the journey. Then you slide rite back hyur and we'll settle *our* little matter clear away."

Billee went, and returned with Pete and the whole of the township behind him. Old Job got more riled when he discovered that their private quarrel had been turned into a public question.

"If ye come a step nearer, Pete Budd, I'll jest about blow the top off 'n your head," he sang out from the interior of the hut.

Pete laughed, and was uncomplimentary to old Job. Job said he wasn't fighting "the hull town; he on'y wanted ter settle wi' that little cuss Billee." Pete said he wasn't going to "low no harm ter come ter Billee," and offered himself as substitute. Job accepted gléefully, and issued forth.

Then some of the others chipped in and took sides, their spoken object being to prevent the fight, but the matter ended otherwise. Arizona Tom "sassed" Pete, and Budd drew trigger on him. The ice once broken, bullets flew round like Genoe's arrows, and in a few minutes one half of Low-Down were awaiting decent interment and the other half were busy gathering themselves together to resist the horde of Redskins which suddenly and most inopportunately appeared on the scene.

There is no sign of Low-Down now! The Reds had been omitted from all calculations in the question of the cemetery. They settled the matter by settling the settlers, who, under the circumstances, might be excused from feeling any further interest in the subject.

BALLAD OF A DEBAUCHEE.

BY A MODERN POET

He walked through life a thing of sneers:
"A very handsome youth": they said—
Like flowers he plucked the daisied years,
All incense-laden as they fled.

He knew the world and worldly ways,
All husbands shook before his tread;
He heard the tongue of female praise,
And wagged his classic, stately head.

In salons draped with pink chenille,
And scented soft with violets dim,
He swallowed Life's alluring pill
That Dames and Dowagers brought to him.

He knew all vices; and his eye
Was scared with every wanton sin;
He revelled in the merry lie,
And took the very poets in.

The Moon had doused her Chinese Lamp
The night he died; but stars in train
Did greet their brother, limp and damp,
What time he struggled thro' the rain;

And Angels, equipoised in air
(Their legs flung back behind their necks),
Swift bore him past the ether rare
To lands which gemmy gold bedecks.

They led him to a mighty Throne,
Above whose lights there frowned a hero;
"Who is this Saint that sits alone?"
They said, "It is the Emperor Nero."

They took him to a wondrous Hall,
Which dazzling radiances shone o'er;
Hung with a rare and costly Pall,
A Chair of State a Titan bore.

"What Martyr"—thus the youth aloud—
"This more than Heavenly Pomp denotes?"
"Peace," sighed the Angels, as they bowed,
"You see before you Titus Oates."

They drew him to a Palace vast,
With gorgeous greens and yellows gay;
Its air was gracious as the Past
And sweet as Everlasting May

The youth stood speechless. Entered God,
And glanced around with modest pride;
"For you," He said, with smile and nod,
"I built this Shanty ere you died."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



GIRL WITH DOVES.—GREUZE (IN THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S COLLECTION).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOMBARDI AND CO., Pall Mall East.

ART NOTES.

At Christie's, the other day, an interesting sale took place of two collections of modern pictures, that of the late Sir Charles Booth and that of Mr. Snowden Henry. The prices of pictures painted within, say, the last three-quarters of a century, are always interesting reading. It takes about that time to fix a painter's financial value in the dealers' market, and the fluctuations in that value are the most engrossing commentaries possible upon public taste.

The astonishing part about this particular sale was the steady increase in the price of Landseers. We have been burying Landseer any time these twenty years. We have been assuring the world that he never could paint animals—or that, at any rate, he could achieve the feat but rarely. If he made his animals sensational, or pathetic, or attractive, we informed the roaring generations that he did it by a spurious trick of adding a human pose, a human glance, or perhaps a human humour, to the purely animal expressions. We pointed to Mr. Swan (admirable artist as he is) and scornfully compared his work with that of the older painter. We prophesied a speedy fall in the popularity and price of Landseer, and were impatient of contradiction.

At the Goupil Gallery there is an exhibition, which nobody should miss, of works by James Maris. His pictures are, of course, sufficiently well known to the average Londoner, but one doubts if his strength as well as his virile delicacy—the phrase is no contradiction in such a connection—can be tested by single canvases so well as by a collection such as this. He is emphatically a great painter of the sea—not in the monotonous sense in which Henry Moore was a great sea-painter, but as an artist who has followed the sea in its changes, in a thousand of its tumbling aspects, and in its most important relations to sky, cloud, and atmosphere. "Seaweed Harvest" and "Our Mother, the Sea," to name but these, are sufficient proof of this judgment; and not alone in the open air of the sea, but in the delineation of a multitude of Dutch village phases, does he prove himself a strong, a various, and a painterly painter, with splendid command of material and a finely artistic sweep of emotion.

J. Führich's picture, "Jacob and Rachel," reproduced herewith, is one of those perfectly idyllic Scriptural scenes wherewith the minds of men used complacently to be rejoiced when they read their Bible in peace and pictured its pastoral scenes without a trace of sordidness or of ugliness. Very differently indeed would Von Uhde undertake the painting even of so pleasantly traditional a scene as the meeting of Jacob



JACOB AND RACHEL.—J. FÜHRICH.

At the sale under discussion, accordingly, one looked with interest for the results as they might affect this particular artist. Well, "A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers" was not knocked down for five guineas, but for 1550 guineas; "The Eager Terrier," by the same artist, was sold for 540 guineas, and even the "In the Rabbit Warren" fetched 205 guineas. Assuredly Landseer's popularity dies hard.

As to other prices, it was odd to find a Clarkson Stanfield, "Cittaro, in the Gulf of Salerno," painted about sixty years ago, fetching so large a sum as 440 guineas, and even more odd, perhaps, to find that a Lee and Cooper, "Canterbury Meadows," went at no less a sum than 520 guineas; other pictures by Sidney Cooper himself, however, rarely brought in so much even as two hundred guineas—as one would naturally have expected. "The Cradle of the Sea-Bird," by P. Graham, R.A., exhibited a quarter of a century ago, was considered worth 830 guineas, and a little Millais, "My Second Sermon," a picture engraved by T. O. Barlow, R.A., went for the very respectable sum of 325 guineas, bought at that by Sir J. Kitson. One of the best prices of the sale was given for a landscape, a View at Gillingham on the Medway, by W. J. Muller, which was purchased for 1120 guineas. It may be added that the total sum obtained for the Snowden Henry Collection reached an amount not short of £5800.

and Rachel. The shepherds with him would lose, you may be sure, somewhat of their picturesque beauty; Rachel would scarcely appear as so ideal a blonde, nor would Jacob show with such resplendent curl and with garments so carefully arranged. Granting, however, that Führich may be permitted to take his ideal ideally, there can be no doubt that he fulfilled it very prettily and with a fine sense of composition.

The Greuze "Girl with Doves," in the Marquis of Hertford's Collection, is also reproduced on another page. Once you satisfy yourself with the Greuze spirit, the spirit of prettiness, and tender, refined, delicate emotions, you will recognise in this a singular merit. Put out of your mind the keen, triumphant things of art, and you will confess that this picture, with its gentle undulations in the composition, with the extreme sweetness of the girl's face and attitude, and the beautiful sympathy of her action, is a work as near to great art as a great work can be without being quite the thing.

Mr. F. Mansell, of Holloway, is adding to his series of engravings of crack dogs of the day Mr. Arthur Wardle's picture of "Dame Fortune," which was reproduced on a reduced scale three weeks ago. These engravings measure fifteen inches by eleven. Only thirty-five of the proofs will be signed.

"LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



Lancelot (Mr. Courtice Pounds), the nephew of the Baron de Chanterelle, wanted to be a monk at all costs.



Father Maxime (Mr. Norman Salmond) and Balthazar (Mr. W. Cheesman) were the "brothers" he claimed kinship with.



But, in order to get his uncle's money, he agreed to marry the wonderful doll that had been made by one Hilarius.



As a matter of fact, Alesia (Mdlle. Farier), the daughter of Hilarius, had smashed the automaton and took its place herself.



MOLLIE FAWCETT IN REAL LIFE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED HENRY, WHITE HALL STREET, N.W.

MDLLE. ALICE FAVIER.

A few days after the production of that charming new piece, "La Poupée," I received, somewhat to my surprise and amusement, an envelope addressed "Mr. Dramatic Critic," and then followed the name and address of the paper. Inside was a card, "Mdlle. Alice Favier." Of course I understood, for I know the French custom, which ordains that the player after the performance should, if a man, call upon the dramatic critics and express his thanks, and if a woman, send or leave her card. The incident rendered me curious to see in private life the charming young French girl who, like Miss Juliette Nesville some years ago in "Miss Decima," has immediately won the heart of the London public. With the aid of the amiable Mr. Levilly, I soon found myself talking with the young lady, while he devoted himself to her mother.

"Oh, no!" she said, "I am not at all *blasé* about my success. You see, I have not had much of that sort of thing; for I have only appeared in two other parts. M. Audran obtained permission from the Ministère for me to leave the Conservatoire to take the part of Miss Helyett, which I played for a long time at the Bouffes Parisiens. Afterwards I was cast for the rôle of Simonne, the soubrette, in 'Les Mousquetaires au Couvent.' I have also been to Belgium to play Miss Helyett there at the Alcazar Royal, and was quite starred. I found my name posted in

living at a convent in London?" For the young lady, on the stage, used a delightful broken English almost as charming as a Dublin girl's way of pronouncing our language. In our discussion she employed her own language, and, seeing that the mother and Mr. Levilly frequently joined in the conversation, and all talked almost as quickly as the patter of Fregoli, I had some difficulty with my notes.

"Oh, no," she said; "I never was at a convent in London, and have seen very little of your country. I learnt English from my English governess, but don't mind admitting to you, in strict confidence, that I was horribly afraid of using your language to a crowded house."

"And how did you get all the doll movements?"

It may be noted that, in her part as La Poupée, she has a wonderful little automaton-like run, which may be paralleled with the fantastic and successful tripping with the teapot of Mr. G. Grossmith's John Wellington Wells and the delightful Japanese run of Miss Katie Seymour in "The Shop Girl."

"But," she said, "I don't think it was difficult. I have got a big mechanical doll, and, besides, there are plenty to be seen in Paris, and then one has only to get the idea of being stiff and mechanical and jerky."

"That is to say, you have to sacrifice all your natural grace and charm of movement?" I gallantly suggested.



MDLLE. FAVIER AS THE DOLL IN "LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

letters ever so high"—and she stretched her pretty little hands apart to show a prodigious height.

"Then this is your third engagement?" She nodded, beaming.

I was not surprised, since my only doubt about the statement that her age is twenty-one was as to whether she had lived so long, for in the piquant face, with big eyes, high forehead, and crown of delicate golden hair, there is every sign of youth and merriment, and her manner has the almost unrestrained gaiety typical of the young French girl.

"So you studied at the Conservatoire?"

"Oh yes, indeed; but I did not enter it to study singing; it was the piano. I used to do my seven hours a-day practice!"

"Oh," interrupted the mother eagerly, "she is such a pianist!"

The young lady continued, "You see, I discovered that I had a voice—"

"A delightful voice," I interrupted, "and all London thinks so."

"Consequently, I took to singing. My masters were Auchard for the *opéra comique*, Mangin for the *sol fège*, and Warot *pour le chant*, and I took a *premier prix pour le sol fège*, and a *proxime accessit à l'unanimité*—you see, I entered too late for real competition."

I wonder whether the much-talked-of new comic-opera school will ever be able to give such clear evidence of competence as these successes at the Conservatoire, which, in the case of Mdlle. Favier, would no doubt have been even higher if she had been permitted to enter into the other competitions.

"I understand," said I, "that you learnt to speak English through

She beamed, and, of course, said, "Oh, Monsieur!"—that famous "Oh, Monsieur!" of the *ingénue*, which, according to the popular duologue, will, with proper inflections, serve the purposes of one whole side of a conversation. By-the-by, I notice that some people have been complaining of the shoes without heels that she wears, but how otherwise she could accomplish that wonderful little run it is difficult to see. Moreover, some of the people who complained were those who blamed the heroine of "The Circus Girl" for wearing heels in her professional costume.

Mdlle. Favier seemed much surprised when I told her that it was not the custom for artists to send their cards to the critics. She looked upon it merely as a piece of due politeness. She is a methodical young lady, and showed to me, neatly pasted in a big book, all the notices on "La Poupée," for, unlike some of our distinguished actors, she fancies that in the criticisms she may be able to learn something of value. But for the presence of Mr. Levilly, I am afraid I should have put myself forward as author of all the more important notices, so as to win some of her pretty smiles. As it was, I durst not venture beyond the truth. Since I had been so unwise as to choose Saturday morning for my mission, I soon found that, with the fatigue of two coming shows upon her, there was a reluctance—not on her part, but rather her mother's—to run the risk of tiring her charming voice, and I came away, after too short a chat, fascinated by the young lady who has made such a hit in one of the most delightful and successful musico-dramatic works that London has seen for a long time.

"LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



When Alesia visited the Baron de Chanterelle (Mr. Charles Wibrow), she completely fascinated the old gentleman and his friend Loremols (Mr. Eric Thorne).

A MONSTER PIE.

Someone has somewhere said that custom is a reason for irrational things and an excuse for inexcusable ones. But who shall fathom the mysteries of the pie of Denby Dale?

You must live in Yorkshire if you would know the Denby Dale pie. Indeed, it is an open question whether any but a small proportion of the "Tykes" can claim to have precise information on the subject. What manner of man was he who invented this fearsome dish, this provender for a thousand mouths? Had he a kink in his mental organism, or did



Photo by Hanson and Turton, Denby Dale.

he merely anticipate the universal Whiteley? The enterprise of roasting an ox whole seems a trifle by the side of this Brobdingnagian pie.

The last Denby Dale pie was made, cooked, carved, and distributed only last summer, in celebration of the jubilee of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The meats of which it was composed weighed nearly fifteen hundredweight. Half a ton of steel plates went to form the dish in which it was baked, and the flour for the crust added an equal weight. The oven that received this burden of nearly two tons measured thirteen feet in length by nine feet in width and two feet in depth. When nicely browned, the giant pie, gaily decked with flowers and guarded by mounted police, was drawn in procession by fourteen horses to the place of feasting. Here, at a fixed hour, it was solemnly carved with a knife close upon three feet long and a fork of proportionate size, and served on commemoration plates to all persons who paid for the privilege of thus tasting it. The edacious crowd numbered thousands, and few returned from the scene of festivity without a souvenir. Some of the old folk came from over the Lancashire border, and even farther, in order to be in at the picnic; and a few announced their intention to despatch a morsel of the dainty to relatives abroad as one sends round the wedding-cake.

That was the sixth big pie to delight the epicures of Denby Dale. The first, which dates back more than a hundred years, was intended to mark the thankfulness of the inhabitants for the recovery of George III. from mental derangement. Nearly thirty years elapsed before another event occurred worthy of such signal regard. This was the Battle of Waterloo. The oldest inhabitant cannot recall the Waterloo Pie; but it was, no doubt, a famous affair, for, when another generation had come to maturity, it formed a pattern for the great pie of '46, by which Denby Dale testified satisfaction at the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The pie of '46 attained renown in its day. Songs were written and sung in its honour, and they even reached the Metropolis. The music-halls of the period sounded the praise of the "stunning great meat-pie." According to one noted comique—

It took thirty sacks of flour—
It's a fact, now, what I utter—
Three hundred pails of water, too,
And a hundred firkins of butter!
The crust was nearly seven feet thick—
You could not easy bruise it—
And the rolling-pin was such a size,
It took twelve men to use it!

Referring to the tale of ninety-five "poor souls" having fallen through the crust and been "drowned in the liquor," the ballad concluded—

This took away their appetites,
They took it as a warning,
For after that pie-ratic night
They went in general mourning!
And ever since the village folks,
Although they lived like good 'uns,
The pie it stuck in all their throats;
They ate naught else but puddens!

This precious doggerel had some slight foundation in fact. The pie of '46 was scarcely a success. No blame attached to the cook; it was the serving arrangements that went wrong. A special platform had been built for the "dainty dish," but it suddenly collapsed, and the contents of the pie were scattered on the ground. Fifteen thousand people instantly pressed forward, and a delirious scramble ensued, "Amid a wild scene of turmoil and riot," says the local historian, "the stage was utterly demolished, and the pie flung to the winds!"

A long time elapsed before there was a revival of this form of rejoicing. The Jubilee Year of her Majesty's reign, however, was an

opportunity not to be missed. The Dale's folk had now gone forty-one years without a pie, and a pie they determined to have at all hazards. But, alas! the fiction of the old ballad-singer might almost have been prophecy; disaster and not good digestion waited upon appetite. No one was drowned in the liquor, it is true; but some were nearly poisoned. That is not a matter for wonder, considering the medley with which the pie was stuffed. What does anyone suppose a concoction of this kind would taste like—

Item: Flour	60 st.	Item: Rabbits	32
" Beef	850 lb.	" Hares	3
" Mutton	160 "	" Fowls	42
" Veal	160 "	" Pigeons	40
" Lamb	140 "	" Grouse	12
" Pork	250 "	" Ducks	6
" Lard	100 "	" Plovers	4
" Butter	50 "	" Geese	5

Also one turkey and 100 small birds!

A high old gamey meal, forsooth! To quote the local historian: "Nobody 'ud eyt it, nut ev'n t' dogs, an' it hed ta be buried!" And folks do say that "rabbits an' hares an' things ma' be seen scammerin' rahnd t' grave o' neets!" The official recorder, however, is reticent about this melancholy business. He merely remarks that a fifth pie was prepared a month or two later, because the committee "felt it their duty to provide the inhabitants of the district who were prevented by the crush from partaking of the previous pie!"

The committee profited by their experience. The last big pie was a mild mixture compared with its predecessors. Nevertheless, it surpassed all former productions in size and magnificence. Here are the contents—

Beef	1120 lb.	Lamb	60 lb.
Veal	180 "	Flour	1120 "
Mutton	112 "	Lard	160 "

A total weight of about 35 cwt.

As to what will happen in the present year of grace and Jubilee no advice is yet to hand; the Dale has not spoken. There can be no doubt, however, that it will rise to the occasion.

W. H. S.

A MONSTER BELL.

On the principle that a living dog is better than a dead lion, a bell that is whole should be better than one that is cracked, even though the latter be the bigger of the two. For some time past there has been a sort of dead-heat between the two biggest bells in the world, the one at the cathedral in Moscow, and the other at the unfinished pagoda of Mengoon, a little north of Mandalay, across the river. If the former was the bigger of the two, it was cracked, and therefore useless as a bell, while the latter, though whole, had dragged its supports down till it rested on the ground, and would not emit any sound. Now, however, it has been reswung, and can claim attention as the biggest bell, in working order, in the world.

In 1896 the Burmese community decided to have the bell raised, and employed the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Limited, to do the work. The rim of the bell was first supported by huge baulks of timber wedged in all round, and a tripod erected over it to fasten the shackle to and keep it upright. The old supports having been knocked away, two large iron columns, 25 ft. high, cast by the Irrawaddy Company, were erected, with concrete foundations. A large steel cross-girder, with a distributing girder on the top of it, was then passed through the shackle, and the bell was raised by screw-jacks all round and wedges of timber, until the cross-girder could be placed on the pillars and rivetted in position. The screw-jacks were then eased and the bell left swinging, with its lower rim about 2 ft. 10 in. from the ground. The weight is about 98 tons, the circumference at the base being 51½ ft. and at the top 26 ft. It averages over a foot in thickness. The bell itself is over 12 ft. high, and the shackle, which was intended for logs of timber, about 12 ft. The pin in the shackle has a diameter of 16 in. The bell was cast about the beginning of the century by King Bodaw-paya as an accompaniment to the huge brick pagoda which he never finished. It is said to have been cast on an island and rafted across. No proper means yet exist for striking the bell, but when hit with a heavy piece of wood it gives out a deep vibrating boom. The figure in front of the bell in the photograph is that of a Burmese nun.



Photo by Surgeon-Captain McDermott, Army Service Corps.

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THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"NOTES FROM A DIARY."

The publication of "Notes from a Diary, 1851-72" (John Murray) is Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff's contribution to the volumes of Reminiscence on which, when they emanate from those who are themselves interesting, and who have much to say of distinguished and notable people personally known to them, the reading world never fails to bestow a very cordial welcome. The Diary has this advantage over Reminiscences produced by a strenuous effort of memory, that it gives its writer's impressions of men and things in all their freshness, as they were felt from day to day, undimmed by the lapse of time and unmodified by psychical changes. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff is a very accomplished and a very experienced Scottish gentleman, who has been Under-Secretary of State for India and Governor of Madras. As a Member of Parliament, his speciality was a singular knowledge of foreign affairs, displayed in his elaborate volume, among others, "Studies in European Politics," containing papers on Spain, Russia, Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. This was not a knowledge gained mainly in the closet. He acquired it largely by visits, often repeated, to the chief European capitals, where he conversed with the leading statesmen and politicians of the period embraced in the volume. His intellectual tastes and many-sided culture brought him the personal acquaintance of the most distinguished authors and thinkers of the Continent. On one of them, his intimate friend Ernest Renan, he has written an excellent monograph, biographical and critical. Who among our own celebrities, political, social, ecclesiastical, literary, of the last forty-five years has not been personally known to him it would be difficult to say. In this respect he has equalled, perhaps he has surpassed, the late Lord Houghton. His Diary teems with notices of them more or less ample, and sometimes of distinguished persons among their predecessors.

Of the latter kind is an anecdote which, though it belongs to more than a century ago, has a certain contemporary interest. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff is a member of Brooks's, as of others of the best London clubs, and once he had the curiosity to look through its old betting-book. Betting on almost every conceivable contingency was rife in the old days. One of the most singular entries which rewarded the diarist's search was made in 1778, when it was recorded that Charles James Fox gave a Mr. Shirley ten guineas on the understanding that he himself was to receive five hundred whenever Turkey in Europe belonged to a European Power or Powers. In 1778 Fox was an experienced politician. That his expectation of the downfall of the Turkish Empire in Europe should be still unfulfilled calls to mind the saying, half-playful, half-serious, of Lord Beaconsfield, not recorded in Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's volume, that there were three potentates who were immortal, the Pope, the Sultan, and the Lord Mayor of London! Of the famous exclamation on his death-bed said to have come from Fox's great rival, Pitt, the diarist heard Lord Brougham emphatically deny the truth, and quote authorities for his denial, declaring that, in his last days and hours, Pitt was quite incoherent in his talk, repeating "bits of speeches," crying "Hear, hear!" and so on, but saying nothing about his country. Apropos of Lord Brougham, Sir James Lacaita heard him confess, after denying it for thirty years, that he did write the cruel article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness." Nassau Senior told the diarist that he knew for a fact the dying words of Pitt's friend, the saintly William Wilberforce, to have been, "I think I would like some gravy out of that pie!"

To come down to times much nearer our own, Lord Palmerston figures only once at all conspicuously in the Diary. Mr. Arthur Russell, the nephew and sometime private secretary of Earl, better known as Lord John Russell, an intimate friend of the diarist, spoke of being present when Lord Palmerston said to Fuad Pasha, the Turkish statesman, that nothing would go "right in Turkey" till they got rid of polygamy. The reply, a libel on English husbands, had better be left in the chiaroscuro of

Fuad's French: "Ah! milord, nous ferons comme vous, nous présenterons l'une et nous cacherons les autres!" Of Lord John Russell the diarist has rather more to say than of "Pam." When he visited Pembroke Lodge with Mr. Arthur Russell, during a walk in Richmond Park, Lady John Russell, now the Countess Dowager Russell, showed Sir M. E. Grant-Duff a tree under which, many years before, she and Lord John had sat and said to each other of the Pembroke Lodge before them, "Now, that is exactly the sort of place which it would be delightful to have." The tree has ever since, it seems, been known in the Russell family as the Wishing Tree. The aged Countess Dowager Russell still occupies Pembroke Lodge. Lord Beaconsfield, then, of course, merely Mr. Disraeli, had several talks with the diarist. The most noticeable of his sayings was a rather cynical one when Sir M. E. Grant-Duff asked why he opposed competitive examinations as a substitute for patronage. The reply was, "Because it would tend to weaken Government. People talk against Parliamentary patronage, but without it the whole thing would blow up. A man with £20,000

a-year attaches the greatest possible importance to giving away a place worth three pounds annually, and another spends ever so many thousands in a county election that he may appoint its local excisemen." At a dinner-party the diarist met John Bright, who told him that he had never much education, and had been too idle to do much for himself since, adding that he envied Gladstone his enormous information. He had read some of Burke, and admired it, but thought he must have been a very dullspeaker. The House of Commons of Burke's time practically anticipated Mr. Bright's verdict.

The diarist records only one witicism by Abraham Hayward, but it is a good one. Asked by an Ambassadress to explain to her who was the compound householder of the theme of much of Mr. Gladstone's oratory at the time of the Conservative Reform Bill, Hayward replied that he was "the husband of the *femme incomprise*." Thackeray's chief contribution to Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's budget of jokes is more characteristic than brilliant. Angling one Sunday, he said to his companion, "If that d—d irreligious fish had been to afternoon church we should not have caught him." Dining with the late Sir John Pender, the diarist met Charles Dickens, who told him in detail the strange story, imperfectly given in Forster's Life, of President Lincoln's last Council. Lincoln was very dejected on account, he said, of a dismal dream of the night before. "Gentlemen," he said more than once, "in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence." Four hours after the Council broke up Lincoln was assassinated. There are

several interesting notices of Carlyle in the volume. One of them calls for correction. Before Sir M. E. Grant-Duff knew Carlyle personally, an anecdote of the sage was told him by Charles Kingsley, who said he had it from Carlyle himself. Sandy Mackay, in Kingsley's "Alton Locke," was intended for Carlyle, and he was made to talk throughout the novel the broadest Scotch. Telling the anecdote to the diarist, Kingsley represented Carlyle as endeavouring to shake Emerson's optimism by taking him to some London slums and asking him, "And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?" Emerson, remaining stubborn in his optimism, Carlyle took him to the House of Commons and asked the same question after showing him "ae chiel getting up after another and leeing and leeing." Emerson still being obstinate, Carlyle gave him up in despair. The story is, no doubt, true in the main, but exception must be taken to Carlyle's alleged use of the Scottish dialect. Carlyle talked with a very strong Scottish accent, but never in his own person spoke in the Scottish dialect, always making use of the purest as well as the most nervous English. The diarist, after he knew Carlyle, reports some of his talk, but never makes him speak Scotch. One of the most interesting conversations with the Sage of Chelsea was when the diarist described to him a walk through a Dumfriesshire valley in which Renwick, the last martyr of the Covenant, had often preached, in defiance of an iniquitous law. "Yes," said Carlyle, "I remember walking in it for a whole day, and being on the verge of crying at every step."



SIR M. E. GRANT-DUFF.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A BOHÉMIENNE SKETCHED AT BRUANT'S.



“That ain’t our ’bus, Maria; we don’t want to go to Vinolia, nor Harlene, nor Cameo neither!”



HUSBAND: Will you be back to supper?

WIFE: No, dear; I shall be at the Cecil or Savoy. You may have my half.



A LADY FANCIER.

DECORATED PIANOS.

It was one of the surprises of my life. I was inquiring about a harp, which one of my country cousins had kindly asked me to buy for her, and the keeper of the music-shop, when I began to speak about different makers, made the simple remark: "In the way of makers there is Hobson's choice. You can have an Erard or you can go without a harp, for there is no other European maker."

I certainly was startled at this, for I had imagined that there were makers by the dozen, though I was well aware that Erards were the makers. Naturally, I went off to Great Marlborough Street, and, after explaining my errand, was shown up into the handsome Salle Erard, and found there a large collection of harps—instruments delightful in an orchestra, but otherwise, I think, somewhat irritating.

"They are the fashion this season," said my guide, "and, since we are the only European makers, I can hardly regret that this should be the case. We have been spending a good deal of time and money in beautifying the instrument, which, so far as musical quality is concerned, was made absolutely perfect by Sébastien Erard many years ago."

I found in the Salle one really beautiful instrument; the sound-board is charmingly painted with cherubs, and the pillar is a splendid piece of green Vernis-Martin treatment. The head, superbly carved, has been cut from one solid piece of wood, and glitters with gold of great richness, worked in by means of the powdered metal, while in the fluting of the pillars are dainty pieces of ormolu representing poppies. Certainly, the harp is graceful of itself in form, but I doubt whether before now it has ever known how delightfully it may be embellished.

The result of looking at this instrument naturally was that I began to talk of the whole question of decorating musical instruments. It is certain that most pianos are hideous, and, as a rule, the greater the



A LOUIS XV. BOUDOIR GRAND.

effort at beauty, the greater the ugliness. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that there is a mania for German pianos, to the injustice of English and French makers, and modern German taste in decoration, as a rule, is execrable, and English makers too often copy their successful rivals.

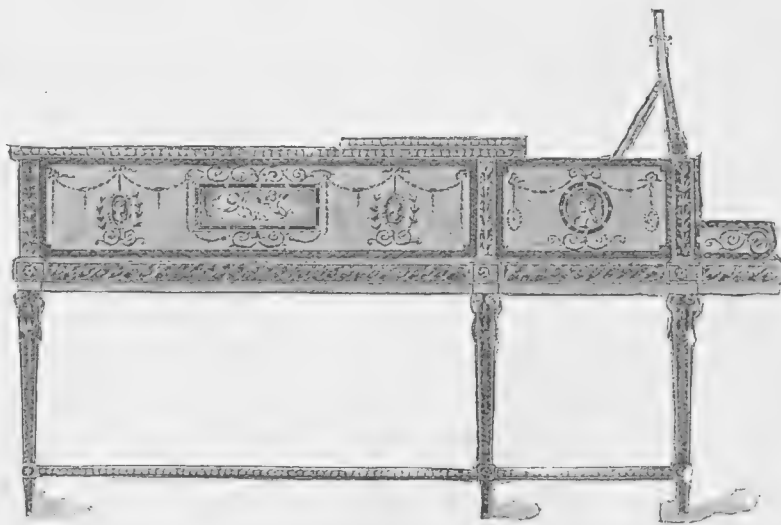
"You see," said my guide, "people are so silly about pianos. There are houses where thousands are spent in furnishing a drawing-room in a particular style; then a piano is put in utterly inharmonious with everything else, and jars like a silk hat on a man in armour."

Of course, he was speaking the truth. I know a South African millionaire who gave *carte blanche* to a big house to decorate and furnish his drawing-room. The result is the daintiest, most fanciful Louis XVI. chamber imaginable. Unfortunately, without consulting the designers, he spent a big sum of money in buying a huge German concert grand, with an ebony case "richly gilded," and fat lath-turned legs. I refuse now to go into his drawing-room even when he has the finest music, for that hideous black monster drives me frantic. If in that drawing-room were the superb instrument I looked at in the Salle, with marquetry cover of tulip-wood and *bois de rose*, and gorgeous mercury-gilt mounts copied from the Bureau du Roi, Reisener's masterpiece, it would be a perfect pleasure to rest in the room; and, indeed, no one save an absolute expert would guess that this instrument, remarkable in its use of broken curves, was not as old and genuine as some of the beautiful pieces with a history to be found round about it.

"You see," said my guide, "apart from the fact that we are beautifying pianos of no very definite style, by admirable workmanship—only, alas! to be obtained in France—we are working out schemes of pianos to suit all styles of decoration. For instance, look at this new grand, in the style of the Adam brothers, in whose designs the Soane Museum is so extraordinarily rich."

The instrument was comparatively severe, one might say classic, in design, and worked out in delicate satin-wood, with a decoration charming in conception and admirable in execution. It would not be difficult to believe, but for the width of the keyboard, that Robert Adam had designed it, and Cipriani or Angelica Kauffmann had done the charming panels.

What perhaps would more attract most people would be the upright and the grand piano of what one may call the Watteau-Vernis-Martin style. The former is covered with a beautiful typical chocolate-brown Vernis-Martin enamel, speckled with gold, and has much quiet charm in actual shape. On the top front are three panels after Watteau



SIDE OF PIANOFORTE DESIGNED IN THE STYLE OF THE BROTHERS ADAM.

subjects, while underneath is a beautiful flower-piece, and all of them are the work of Lucien Simonnet, whose name speaks for itself. More important is the grand, also in the superb enamel which made Martin, the coach-builder, famous. It has a characteristic subject on the top—of a dancing-girl in white and a youth in blue; inside the cover is an impressive landscape, after the illustrious Claude. The piano has charming, rather florid, wood scroll-work, richly overlaid with gold. Anybody fortunate enough to have a room in the early Louis XV. style would find either of these instruments exquisitely harmonious; nor, indeed, except in the eyes of the expert, would they seem out of place in any room furnished in ante-Empire fashion; while the intrinsic beauty of the instruments would make them seem delightful in any apartment eclectic in fashion. I grew interested in the subject, and, wandering over the Salle, came upon the source of some of the Erard inspirations. The firm, in search of ideas, promptly buys up any beautiful old instruments that come into the market. Among the new instruments I found an admirably designed grand in mahogany and satin-wood, excellent in line and superb in workmanship, which the firm has presented to the Victoria Hospital for Children, in order that it may be sold at the bazaar to be held at the Imperial Longest Reign Fête at the Botanical Gardens in June. I have every intention of taking some tickets.

It is with very great regret that I lay down my pen without speaking of some of the other delightfully designed pianofortes. Need I say that a century's reputation and Paderewski's preference attest the quality of the musical instruments that are to be the souls of these beautiful bodies?



FRONT OF PIANOFORTE DESIGNED IN THE STYLE OF THE BROTHERS ADAM.

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

XXII.—MR. HENRY FROWDE, PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

No series of articles on London publishers would be complete without one devoted to Mr. Henry Frowde, publisher to the University of Oxford. His pre-eminence is largely due to the fact that the Universities hold the copyright of the Revised Bible, and that they share with

the Queen's Printers the privilege of printing the Authorised Version of the Scriptures. The output of Bibles—not portions such as are included to swell the statistics of certain societies—is upwards of a million a-year from the Oxford Press alone, and, beyond question, the Oxford Bible for Teachers is the most popular edition of the Scriptures yet published. The enormous trade which Oxford does in Bibles is due to the unflagging energy and enterprise of Mr. Frowde. It was he who published the first Bible printed on the famous Oxford India-paper, the secret of the manufacture of which is known to only three living persons. This Oxford India-paper has, during



MR. HENRY FROWDE.

Photo by Palmer, Croydon.

the last twenty-one years, worked a revolution in the Bible trade, and it is now used in some two hundred various Bibles, Prayer-Books, devotional works of all kinds, editions of the poets, &c. Its value may be best demonstrated by stating two facts. The smallest Oxford Bible printed on it—Brilliant 48 text, 3½ by 2 by ¾ in.—weighs just over 2½ oz.; the Revised Bible and Apocrypha, in pica type, with large margins (which, on ordinary paper, occupies six stout volumes), is issued in a single volume of 3218 pages of India-paper, and weighs exactly 5 lb. 2 oz.; while the six volumes, each bound with cloth boards, weigh 17 lb. 1½ oz., but the morocco binding of the one-volume edition is as heavy as the cloth covers of two separate volumes. Cheek by jowl with the Bible trade is the publishing of Prayer-Books. It was Mr. Frowde who brought out the "Finger" Prayer-Book, which so hit the public taste that within a few weeks of publication 100,000 copies were bought; and this has now been superseded by the still handier Oxford "Thumb" Prayer-Book, with or without Hymns Ancient and Modern, of which 200,000 copies have been sold. Such little volumes as these or as the "Thumb" series—"The Christian Year," "The Imitation of Christ," "The Pilgrim's Progress"—would have been regarded as miraculous a generation ago, and, indeed, they could not possibly have been produced without the aid of the Oxford India-paper. But to return to Mr. Frowde. He comes of that old Devonshire stock from which James Anthony Froude, the historian, descended, and Mortimer Collins and Dr. Mortimer Granville are included among his relations. The Bible was Mr. Henry Frowde's first love. When he was only sixteen years old—that was in 1857—he entered the service of the Religious Tract Society. In 1873 he became manager of the London businesses of the Delegates of the Oxford Press, and six years later, when the Delegates transferred to him from Messrs. Macmillan the learned and educational publications of the Clarendon Press, he was installed "Publisher to the University." Mr. Frowde is the hero of "the greatest publishing feat on record"—on May 17, 1881, when between midnight and midday he issued upwards of a million Revised New Testaments, and received "repeat" orders for as many more. Looking now for fresh worlds to conquer, he has lately established a branch American business in New York. The importance of all this trade in Bibles and Prayer-Books is obvious to those who know anything about the aims and the achievements of the Oxford University Press. A large proportion of its publications are commercially impossible, but, as old Fuller wrote, "learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost." In this category may be mentioned, to give two most striking examples, the "Sacred Books of the East" series and the "Oxford English Dictionary," edited by Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley. The printing of the dictionary was begun as far back as 1882, and when it is finished it will include a quarter of a million words. A fortune has been sunk on this work, and yet it is being sold at a halfpenny a page. If the Oxford Press owes much to the Bible, it has done its best to discharge the obligation in issuing such works as these, and when profits remain they are contributed to the University Chest for the general purposes of the University. In connection with the University, Mr. Frowde has

plenty of scope, and, in addition to the work of publishing pure and simple, he controls the Bindery; for the Oxford Press is really a vast conglomeration of businesses, self-sufficing—making paper, ink, and type, printing and binding, all on its own account. But, so far as the books published under the authority of the University are concerned, the Delegates themselves decide what shall appear, though Mr. Frowde is, of course, consulted. It was he, for instance, who, with Dr. Price, the Master of Pembroke, acting for Oxford, arranged with the Cambridge representatives all practical matters respecting the form of issue and the mode of publication when the revision of the Bible was undertaken. In addition to those books published by the direct authority of the University, there are others that Mr. Frowde publishes at the spacious and substantial Oxford University Press Warehouse at Amen Corner which are outside the province of the Delegates. Such publications are for the most part devotional, using the word in its widest sense. One very happy thought of Mr. Frowde's was to issue well-printed editions of the poets, unburdened with either a superfluity of notes or a "critical introduction" designed to display the editor's erudition. This Oxford series has had an immense vogue, and Mr. Frowde is gradually fulfilling the aspiration of *The Sketch* that he should publish such editions, in single volumes or miniature editions in cases, of all the poets between the dates and ranks of Shakspeare and Longfellow. The combination of good printing, paper, and binding which Mr. Frowde, in touch with Oxford, can promise, has brought him many distinguished authors of late, including Mr. Gladstone, whose "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler," a fitting pendant to his edition of the great Churchman's Analogy and Sermons, may well be described as Homeric. But Mr. Frowde is an eclectic publisher, and he probably agrees with Voltaire that "it is with books as with men: a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude." A clear head, surrounded by the halo of his official position, tact and unflagging energy, are, perhaps, Mr. Frowde's chief characteristics, and in all departments of the Oxford University Press there is a something which almost suggests a State department. As a publisher Mr. Frowde strictly observes the rule of never allowing the publications of the Press to be sold except through the ordinary trade channels, and he is more scrupulous than some, inasmuch as the managers of stores, and others of doubtful standing from the book-trade point of view, have to obtain his publications indirectly, unless they have a permanent Book Department. When the discount controversy loomed large on the horizon, Mr. Frowde unburdened himself to the ubiquitous interviewer and declared: "The discount question does not affect us very largely. The publication of Bibles and Prayer-Books is what the University is most extensively concerned with, and these have no published price, only a trade one, and the retailers, of whom a very considerable number are stationers, charge their customer what they like. Then it is generally agreed that the school and college books must be sold under the discount system, and I do not suppose that the strongest advocates of discount can object to our expensive learned books being sold at net prices. For the rest, I may say that I have every sympathy with the desire of the booksellers to better their position, and while it is for private publishers to lead the way in any practical plan that can be devised for the protection of the trade, I do not think the University Press will be slow to follow." Gibes are often made at publishers' expense, but, if Mr. Frowde be a publisher, he is "a man and a brother."—R. M. L.



EVENING.—J. R. WITZEL.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Mr. F. T. Palgrave's "Landscape in Poetry, from Homer to Tennyson" (Macmillan), has the look of a survival from another age. It is enlarged from lectures delivered in the University of Oxford during 1895, and the stamp of the lecture is over it all. One could give no good reason why such a book should not have been written, and none why it should ever be read—by lovers of poetry or of landscape, at least. Its audience must be youthful. Youth loves instruction, and youth loves classification, which has always the air of finality. There is plenty of classification here, but no finality to anyone who has watched landscape or read poetry, and known the infinitely various attitudes of both. But it is a safe, a kindly, and an appreciative book, very catholic indeed, and almost sympathetic as seeing that it comes from that strange anomalous functionary, a Professor of Poetry. The examples chosen are admirable, and make the volume really good reading. But the comments never sin against the academic canons of the orthodox lecture, and so are mostly useless. Only in his review of a few later poets does he permit himself individual opinions, and these have rather the air of idiosyncrasies. The plan of his book forbids the mention of many poets of this generation and of any living ones; the eulogies, therefore, poured on Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Shairp, both very meritorious verse-writers, sound a trifle extravagant. His recognition of the powers of Charles Tennyson Turner, however, is welcome, and, if one were to believe in tests at all—life will hardly allow us—we should echo the one by which he proposes to prove the genuine feeling for poetry, "a true appreciation of William Barnes."

The humanity we meet with in Mr. Carleton Dawe's "Kakemonos" (Lane) is very shady—at least, such of it as is clothed with white skin. The book is one of a pretty numerous class, which Mr. Kipling's success has encouraged, but for which it should not be made responsible—not a very agreeable class, though "The Wrecker" and a few other stories of excellent and agreeable entertainment belong to it. The white man in the East is, at the present moment, on his own showing, a brute, and he likes to boast of it. There may be something in this of honest protest against the insincere Equality and Fraternity cry of a more sentimental age. But there is a great deal more of the mere primitive brute instinct in the tales of the white sailors and traders who make love in every port, and run away, leaving sad longing in Eastern eyes, and broken hearts and ruined homes. In this kind of story there is mostly a boasting tone of superiority which is apt to hide from superficial readers the fact that the attitude taken up by the writer, or by his white heroes, is the essentially commonplace one in the circumstances. "The life of the ordinary young fellow in the East may come as something of a shock. But trust the ordinary young fellow for knowing what he is about," says Mr. Dawe, or, to be just, one of the men into whose mouth he puts a tale. That just expresses it. "Knowing all about it," which means a prudent libertinage, I suppose, is the ideal of these white-skinned and very unromantic heroes. "Knowing how little in this world is won by delicacy, I was not inclined to flatter that excellent superstition," is a complimentary attitude put thus into words by the same young man who tells the awful tale of what befell a fellow-countryman who behaved honourably to a Japanese woman. The tone of "Kakemonos," which means, by the way, "Scroll Paintings," is rough and braggart; but Mr. Dawe has got good material out of the Far East, and he has more than an average power of narrative.

Collectors will doubtless rejoice over the new volume of the Edinburgh Stevenson, which contains, besides the well-known "Wrong Box," the little-known "John Nicholson" and the Fables. But collectors are very inhuman persons, and I am sorry Mr. Colvin has indulged them in their passion for completeness at the expense of Stevenson's fame. "The Wrong Box" we have all laughed over; and so good a farce, incongruous as it looks in this magnificent and dignified setting, was bound to slip into the collected works. But of the Fables, in the editor's note we read: "The collection, as it stood at the time of his death, was certainly not what its author had meant it to be. It may even be doubted whether it would have seen the light had he lived." I can hardly think that Stevenson would have given us all the Fables we find here. There are few of them very good. It was not a form that suited his genius—at least, he had not learned the art of it thoroughly; and I feel sure he would have paused long before publishing them, and would have abandoned a good many ineffective ones. "The Four Reformers," "The Reader," "The Sick Man and the Fireman," and "The Tadpole and the Frog" are first-rate. The last is quotable even in the limits here at my disposal—

"Be ashamed of yourself," said the frog. "When I was a tadpole I had no tail."

"Just what I thought," said the tadpole. "You never were a tadpole."

But we could better have borne a selection than the complete and often amateur experiments of a master in a branch of art which was not his own, however much he may have been attracted to it. And for "John Nicholson"—it is hardly bearable to read it thrust ostentatiously under our noses in type whose splendour might make some classics blush. Good enough for a Christmas Annual; it served its end as such, and should have been decently left to die. There is a slight flavour of Stevenson in it, but of Stevenson in a very commonplace mood. Save for a picture of Edinburgh by night, it is in no way memorable for its writing, while as a story it is poor in invention and energy. o. o.

How often we hear from amateur critics of Shakspeare that the stupidity of Dogberry and Verges is exaggerated for dramatic purposes, and that their dense and crass ignorance and imbecility are forced into clowning! Yet, now and then, a glimpse into what various respectable people would describe as their minds will make one doubt whether even Shakspeare fully grasped the possibilities of idiocy in the reasoning processes of men of high repute and position—men who would be universally accounted among the wise of their parishes and towns. One such instance has fallen in my way lately.

At a certain seaside place, not a hundred miles from the Sussex coast, there was a garden the property of which was vested in trustees. This ground, prettily laid out and in the best part of the town, was opened only on rare occasions. An enterprising gentleman from London had noticed that, while the cheap-tripper was well provided for in the way of amusement by shows and resorts suited to his purse, the respectable resident was forced to share the entertainments of 'Arry, or go utterly without recreation. The unused ground gave the Londoner an idea; he was a man of ideas. He devised a plan for a sort of highly select afternoon tea-party, with tennis and strawberries and refined amusements generally. Admission was to be guarded by the aristocratic tariff of half-a-crown. The respectable resident and his town friends could meet and revel decorously, free from the raucous clamour of 'Arry and 'Arriet; the matron could bring her fair flock, sure that nine out of ten of the young men who might take tea and tennis with her daughters would be eminently eligible as sons-in-law.

It was a lovely vision—rather like the conception that the British middle-class mind, if left to itself, would have formed of Paradise—and the secretary of the recreation-ground, himself a young man of ideas, jumped at the plan. The necessary references were found, the necessary cash ready to deposit; showers of a rain of half-crowns gladdened the dreams of promoter and secretary; in fact, the former considered his enterprise a sure success, when, one day, he was requested to appear before the trustees of the ground. They were not many. The spokesmen were Lieut.-Colonel Dogberry, Companion of the Bath Chair, and the Rev. Mr. Verges. The rest were some of those retired commercial corpses that help to people our suburbs and seaside places—dead men whom a besotted public opinion persists in regarding as alive, because, by a singular freak of nature, they have retained certain mechanical processes of digestion and chapel-going.

Lieut.-Colonel Dogberry, as became a soldier, opened fire. "I am sorry to say, sir," he remarked, with irascible politeness, "that there are very serious objections to your entertainment. The garden is surrounded by high-class residences, sir, and these fireworks of yours would be most dangerous, sir, most dangerous!" "But, sir," remarked the projector, "you have been misinformed. I am not going to have any fireworks." Then the Rev. Mr. Verges spoke—or rather, intoned. "It is not so much your fireworks that I object to, sir," said he; "but what I really cannot tolerate is this dancing. Experience has shown me that such recreation, innocent as it may be thought by you, invariably attracts an altogether unsuitable class of people, and leads to distressing scandals." The projector's head swam. "I fear, sir," he remarked, gathering himself together by a great effort, "that I have been misrepresented. Nothing would induce me to have dancing, and I should raise the entrance-money in order to exclude—" "But I tell you we can't have it!" barked the Colonel. "Why, the very noise of those bombs and Roman candles would send down rents—" "And let me say that I think you underrate the dangers of these promiscuous dances. There was a young girl in my parish—" "Why, sir, one of those confounded Burmese rockets lamed me for life—" "Most undesirable acquaintances will be made at these dances—" "And those set pieces will be sure to damage the trees—" "And just consider, sir, the state of the grass after your dances—"

The room seemed to go round the gentleman from London. He looked reproachfully at the secretary, who looked despairingly back at him. As in a bad dream, he heard his own voice, periodically repeating, like a ghost, "I shall not have any fireworks—" "I shall not have any dancing—" And always the clergyman replied to his repudiation of rockets by some fresh proof of the iniquities of public waltzing, while the soldier capped every denial of dancing by a fiercer attack on Bengal lights. At last a terror seized him; he seemed the one living man, except for the silent secretary, in a room full of marionettes or galvanised corpses. He clutched his hat and fled from that weird assembly, and faint echoes of "Fireworks!" "Dancing!" pursued him to the outer air.

Certain tribes are accounted savage because they occasionally bury the aged alive. But are we any more civilised in allowing so many dead men to usurp the place and consume the food of the living?—MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French faiconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. George Meredith has reprinted his essay on the Comic Spirit, the one great exposition of that daemon of the modern intellect. The Comic Spirit, like charity, suffereth all things, with a humorous tolerance of human frailty that exasperates enthusiasts who believe they are ordained to make our common nature flawless and sublime. An eminent statesman once begged his countrymen to regulate their foreign outlook by large maps. The Comic Spirit is always surveying the atlas. When you invite its attention to some dire anomaly in a rather circumscribed area, it responds with the bland and comprehensive gaze of Mercator. That is why Mr. Meredith's philosophy is more satisfying and enduring than the zeal of many passionate social reformers. They are always digging at the foundations of human nature, with the idea that, by boring long enough, they will come to some holy water which will at once transform these rather forbidding rocks to a yielding verdure, where any apostle may sow what seed is good in his eyes. The Comic Spirit watches these proceedings with compassionate archness. "Continue your excavations, ladies and gentlemen," it says. "You are throwing up a deal of *débris*, but not more than your predecessors, who essayed the same task for ages. Moses struck a rock, and out gushed a life-giving and ennobling stream. Somehow, no subsequent engineer has had the luck of Moses. But persevere; I am with you in sympathy, though I do not lend a hand with the pick. The fact is, I have been overseer of these works so long that I do not take them with the gravity of earnest beginners."

The dreadful suspicion haunts me that the Comic Spirit is merely masculine. Women show no trace of it; they are disposed, in scornful moments, to treat it as the sniggering of selfish, arrogant man; at other times they expostulate with it earnestly, and entreat us to abandon an inspiration that savours of the fiend. The author of "Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and Other Essays," implores literary man to give up his pernicious tone of "caressing patronage" towards woman. He persists in regarding her as the "weaker vessel," in disparaging with indulgent irony her earnest striving towards higher altitudes. It is a mere convention, says this critic, a professional trick of style, a manner handed down from eighteenth century essayists. Here is a plain indictment of the Comic Spirit, which, to be sure, is always making kindly mirth of women and their supposed failings. Poets, novelists, dramatists, essayists, go on assuming that woman is capricious, emotional, governed by her affections, incapable of the judicial temper—in a word, feminine, whereas the author of the able little book before me says she finds them as large-minded as men, as constant, as tolerant, even as physically brave. In short, there is no feminine temperament; it is the creation of man, who has used the figment to bolster up his supremacy; it is the sport of the Comic Spirit, and the Comic Spirit is an arrant knave.

Now I bethink me with humility of the story of Sonia Kovalevsky. Sonia had the brain of a man; she enjoyed a European fame; she took an academic prize for mathematics in Paris. When she was old and faded, she fell in love with a French professor. He did not return the passion, and she broke her heart. Did you ever hear of a male mathematician who died at forty-five because a woman would not have him? Of what avail was Sonia's intellect when her affections overbalanced it, when she drooped for want of love, when she went to her grave a martyr to the destiny of her sex? In the face of that story, why pretend that the feminine temperament is a myth, and that women are every whit as strong as men? The Comic Spirit does not laugh; it drops a tear on poor Sonia's memory; and it reflects that love and mathematics make a dangerous mixture for woman, though love and literature were compounded by George Sand with great freedom and success. Just as you will see the inside of a little bird cooked in a Paris restaurant into a delicious paste, which is served to you on toast, so George Sand dressed the hearts of her lovers and dished them up in novels. Margaret of Navarre had a shorter method: she murdered a lover a-night in the Tour de Nesle. But these heroic examples are unlikely to have many imitators among women who are striving towards the higher altitudes.

Well, what are the higher altitudes, any way? The lady who bids the Comic Spirit to drop its obsolete quips and gibes tells us that divorce must be abolished, and that marriage will be eventually so sublimated that nobody will wed except for transcendental affection. There will be no more marriages of interest in that halcyon time, no running after heiresses, no joining together of May and December, no Chicago dollars to regild battered British coronets. It is, indeed, a holy prospect; but

the sniggering daemon bounces on the scene, and says, "Excellent madam, have you sufficiently considered the nature of the family? Individual man or woman is a pretty tough subject for moral improvement; but the family which, as you justly say, must be preserved as the chief bulwark of national virtue and racial health, this family is the most unconscionable despot of the material world. You might make mamma and Cicely weep over your beautiful theories; you might elicit an awestruck 'By Jove!' from papa or Fred; but you have just as much chance of persuading them that Cicely ought not to marry the squire's acres, or that Fred is disgraced for ever by throwing over a penniless cousin and wedding the daughter of a millionaire, as of inducing them to lavish all their substance on the poor after the manner of the amiable Tolstoi, who, I believe, was prevented by his sordid family from executing a similar project. You have to deal not only with the Comic Spirit, my dear lady, but with the spirit of exchange and barter, a much more formidable customer. The family which you cherish is a marriage broker, bent on satisfying its pride, aggrandising its possessions, absorbing in its insatiable maw everything that is likely to swell its figure in the Court Guide. All this is quite compatible with the practice of the domestic virtues as they are commonly understood; and if they are not good enough for you, you will find the family kindly but firmly devoting your opinions to the torrid zone of theology."

Terribly garrulous, you see, this Comic Spirit, when it is once set going. I can't even restrain it from delivering its views of divorce. "Divorce, most eloquent madam, is the legal recognition of human infirmity. The indissolubility of marriage preserves a formal bond when the spirit is dead; but is that a guarantee of morality? You say that if married people, when unhappy, could not be divorced, they would be compelled to practise self-sacrifice. Have you ever heard of self-sacrifice by Act of Parliament? Though against divorce, you would permit judicial separation; then what becomes of the self-sacrifice? How is the inviolable sanctity of marriage to be upheld by the judicially separated? And if these are not permitted to re-marry, how are they to mortify their affections in the higher altitudes? You maintain that people who marry ought to bear the responsibility of their choice. This is like saying that a man or woman who unwittingly marries a lunatic ought to have no redemption. In any case, marriage alone can determine whether the choice is sound; so your advice is like the counsel to a person who is no swimmer to drown himself first, and then decide whether he is prudently within his depth. When you identify divorce with lawlessness and riot, and indissoluble marriage with moral discipline, you are abusing language and distorting experience. And when you offer judicial separation as a compromise, you destroy your case, and reduce the higher altitudes to the summit of Primrose Hill."

Here, I fear, the Comic Spirit loses something of its character by becoming too controversial. The raw application of logic is not in keeping with its humour. Its business is the gentle deprecation of that perfectibility of our species which, were it brought about, would eliminate comedy from human affairs. The professional instinct of the Comic Spirit is in arms against the bare idea of such a consummation. Pray, what will become of the essayist of, say, the twenty thousandth century, if all earthly institutions reach such a pitch of wisdom that Society is a harmonious organism instead of a patchwork of incongruities? When there is no more poverty seeking to enrich itself by matrimonial alliance, and no more snobbery seeking inflation by the same means, when there are no more weaknesses in men and women, what sort of sustenance will keep the Comic Spirit in fettle? Surely the lady who begs us not to jest at the feminine temperament, because our inopportune pleantries tend to retard the upward progress of woman, must see that she is asking a little too much.

It is not woman alone who provides the Comic Spirit with matter for philosophical comment. Every man of us has his turn before that tribunal. Even the ripe wisdom of the *Spectator* cannot keep it out of the dock. Mr. Frederick Wedmore, of all men, has been denounced by that journal as a decadent, because in a Provençal story he introduced a tragic element. Stories of Provence, said the *Spectator*, ought to be full of life and sunshine, as if the Provençals were free from the common ills of humanity; and on this wondrous theory of literary criticism Mr. Wedmore was tried and condemned. Moreover, Mr. Wedmore wrote a story about a music-hall girl who came to grief in spite of the sympathetic counsel of a friend. "Decadence again," quoth the *Spectator*, "because the friend did not take more active measures to save her from ruin, and because her struggles are described in detail." Mr. Wedmore has expressed his polite amazement at this judgment; but you cannot argue with the "misty medium of morals." You can only console yourself with the thought that the laughter of the Comic Spirit is echoing through your immediate circle of time.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ROWING.

It is a strange circumstance that the non-favourites do not prove successful so often in the University Boat-Race as at other sports between the famous schools of learning. This is a pity, because it robs the match of a great deal of preliminary excitement.

At the present time Oxford are all the rage for the "pull" fixed for April 3. The Light Blues have only four men of their last year's crew, whereas Oxford have more, and this matter is significant from the fact of last season's Dark Blue boat being considered one of the best ever seen.

The famous H. Gold, of Magdalen, is stroking Oxford again this year, and is rowing as well as ever before. The Dark Blues have been training at Henley, while Cambridge were on the Thames, and I must certainly admit that the Cantabs are a much better lot than they were at the corresponding period of last year. The crew is, however, something like three stone lighter than Oxford, the chief factors in this being C. D. Burnell, of Magdalen, 13 st. 7½ lb., and E. R. Balfour, of University, 13 st. 11½ lb.

Balfour is an extraordinary man to be found in a boat. He stands something like 6 ft. 2½ in., and, as may be remembered, he was captain of his Varsity fifteen. He is, of course, a Scotsman. I think that all Varsity crews should be English, although I daresay there are many to disagree with this view.

FOOTBALL.

Next Monday we are to meet Wales, under Association rules, of course, and on the following Saturday we go on to the field at the Crystal Palace against Scotland. The side to oppose the Principality was chosen immediately after that interesting event the International trial match, at the Queen's Club the other day.

It is unquestionably a good team, if not quite so good as that which beat Ireland at Nottingham. There are many changes. One for the better is the substitution of Crabtree for Middleditch at half-back. I think it ought to be clear that, at present, at any rate, no amateur half-back should play in an International fixture for England. The amateurs are good hard workers, but they lack *finesse*, and they do not feed the forwards in front of them, some of the forwards being amateurs, as feeding is understood among the best players.

Robinson, of Derby County, who kept goal so brilliantly at Nottingham, is here left out in favour of Foulkes, of Sheffield United. They are both very good men, and I am glad to see them each get a cap. Last year Mr. G. B. Raikes played in all three matches, and thus prevented one or two excellent goalkeepers from receiving honours. I suppose, if Foulkes does well against Wales, he will be chosen to play at the Crystal Palace.

In place of Williams, of West Bromwich Albion, as partner to Mr. W. J. Oakley, the Corinthian, at back, we have Spencer, of Aston Villa, a player with much the same sort of style as Williams. Doubtless, this place will be given to either Williams or Spencer, according to the latter's exhibition next Monday. For my own part, I repeat that which I have often urged, and that is, that Earp, of Sheffield Wednesday, should play. In fact, I cannot understand why the abilities of the Wednesday captain have not been recognised before.

Nobody expected Mr. G. O. Smith to be taken away from the centre-forward position. There is a tremendous gap between the old Oxonian and the other centre-forwards. Spectators of the International trial match at the Queen's Club went into ecstasies of delight over the play of the Old Carthusian. To my mind, Smith is the finest centre-forward the world has ever seen, or ever will see. There is not a single branch of centre-forward's duties that are not seen in him. He is artistic as well as effective, unselfish, yet not foolishly so, and terribly dangerous in front of goal. Crawshaw, the well-known Sheffield Wednesday half-back, who has played behind Smith, has remarked that he would rather fast for two days than have to tackle this young man.

Athersmith and Bloomer, who played against Ireland, will play against Wales, but the left wing is totally different. Wheldon and Bradshaw are both left out, and in their places appear Mr. R. C. Gosling, and Milward, of Everton. The selection of Gosling caused much surprise, although I have frequently advocated his claims in this paper. He plays inside-left, a position he occupied when he captained England against Scotland at Goodison Park a few years ago.

The Rugby season is steadily filtering to a close, although we still have the Rugby County Championship to dispose of. The International Championship is, of course, unwon, and the state of affairs as concerns Wales is much the same as before. I sincerely hope that some amicable settlement will be arrived at by the end of the season.

Some difficulty has arisen over the date of the final tie of the Championship between Kent and Cumberland, and I am afraid the decision will be late in April. I say afraid, because it is impossible to regard seriously Rugby football played so late as the tag-end of April. Kent will be in difficulties, and I do not for a single moment expect them to win.

ATHLETICS.

Now that we have the Varsity teams side by side before us, a run through the programme may be made, with a view to arriving at results.

In the Hundred Yards, the Dark Blue president, Mr. G. Jordan, will again compete, but on this occasion he should have something to do to shake off Pilkington, the young Rugby three-quarter.

Jordan competes also in the Quarter again, and so, with Fitzherbert once more representing Cambridge, this event alone should bring a great attendance, even if the Sports were not so popular in themselves. Last year Fitzherbert won after a very stiff set-to, and, though Jordan is said to be running in great style, I still fancy the Light Blue.

Mendelson is unable to take part in the Long Jump, and it is likely that the winner of this will be the plucky young Carthusian, G. C. Vassall, who has played so brilliantly at inside-right forward for the Oxford Socker eleven. Last year Vassall was beaten by a great jumper in Batchelor, who has now gone down.

It is idle to look further than J. M. Fremantle, the Oxonian, for the winner of the Three Miles. The old Etonian won handsomely in 1896, and he has nothing of great consequence to beat.

I shall have further opportunity of giving final opinions on the chances, but at present everything points to a good match.

BOXING.

That coming champion Mr. N. F. Smith added to his numerous laurels when he disposed of P. A. Lunn in a six-round contest the other evening. This was a purely sporting event, for Smith had twice beaten Lunn in competitions, and it was felt that the latter would have a better chance at the longer distance.

However, Smith proved successful once more. I know of no amateur with such a precise left hand. Smith never wastes anything. He is quick as lightning, and he is there and back before his opponent can decide what to do. I still think Smith fairly won the Championship last season, but the judges were guided by reputation, as usual, and gave the verdict to P. A. Jones, the holder. If Smith were not in the way, Lunn, who belongs to the Belsize, would win many competitions. Smith's number of successes is about thirty.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It cannot be denied that the verdict obtained by the Anti-Gambling League against Mr. Richard Dunn has caused a big commotion in racing circles. The professional layers now see what a mistake they made in rejecting Mr. R. H. Fry's proposal a couple of years back that they should be licensed. I have every reason to believe that, had this been done, the Jockey Club would have appointed a force of private police for keeping the rings and courses. I think the Jockey Club will have to do this now.

Everything points to a really grand race for the cross-country blue ribbon on Friday. True, many of the horses that will start will surely fail to get over the long and trying course, but others that have covered the country before can be trusted to do the same again. I have heard the best accounts of Nepeote, who has been trained on good healthy going at Michel Grove. I shall, however, expect to see the Hon. Reginald Ward win on Cathal, and I think The Soarer and Wild Man from Borneo will be placed.

Mr. "Teddy" Hobson is one of the few men who have made a pile of money by backing horses. It is a popular belief that a "book" is the royal road to fortune, but Mr. Hobson preferred to take money rather than receive it. In the year that The Palmer won the Liverpool Autumn Cup, he was a small and struggling bookmaker, and might have been so now had he stuck to that branch of Turf life. Do not think, though, he threw over laying 'em because he was not 'cute. A sharper man never made a bet. He has also more patience than Job. He will wait a couple of years but he will land his coup. His last successful one was Indian Queen's Cambridgeshire victory.

One of the most prominent figures on racecourses during the National Hunt season is Mr. Arthur Yates. No stranger looking on his burly frame for the first time would ever dream that he had been a crack rider; but such is the case. Mr. Yates was born in 1841, and at ten years of age was hunting a pack of harriers. A few years later he hunted a pack of staghounds kept by his father in Hants. The first thoroughbred he ever owned was Playman, which was given him by Sir Henry Hawkins the Judge. It did not take long for Mr. Yates to find that the horse could go, so he entered him in a couple of races, and himself rode him to victory in both. "That's how I took to racing" is his own way of putting matters. He never got nearer than fourth in the Grand National, but he won the Croydon Autumn on a horse that fell and was caught again by the tail.

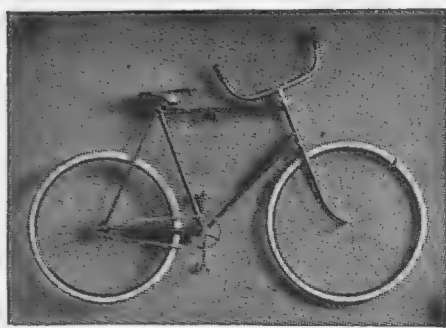
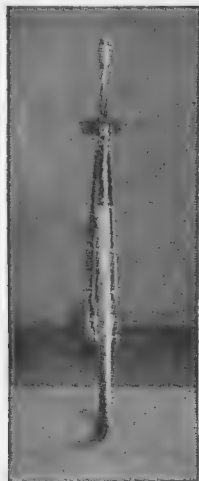
Charley Wood must have earned many hundreds of pounds at trial-riding already this season, as his services have been in great request. Wood dearly loves riding, and during his long absence from the Turf he took horse-exercise daily, and for some years he hunted his own pack of hounds in the South Coast district. Wood's son was at one time apprenticed to R. Sherman junior at Newmarket, and I believe he, like his father, is a good horseman.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

It seems a pity that more use is not made of those excellent tracks belonging to the Trafalgar Bicycle Club. This club possesses the only covered track that I know of in London, and one would have thought that during the past months of wet weather it would have been greatly patronised; but fashion is a curious creature, and for the time being the "Trafalgar" is on the shelf. The club is now under new management, and several fresh rules and regulations are in force. From May 1 next the subscription of members will be reduced to three guineas, and each member will be allowed to introduce two friends free daily. The open track in the square is in excellent order; and no doubt when the present inclement weather comes to an end this fashionable club will once more be crowded.

Among the novelties which attracted considerable attention at the Stanley Show in November last was the exhibit of the Zenith Folding Cycle Syndicate, and, if it had been possible to take orders at that time, we understand a very large trade could have been done. The invention

is most ingenious, and, for people who find a difficulty about the storage-room required for a cycle, it should prove, like a well-known brand of pens, "a boon and a blessing to men." The pedals are, under the Zenith patents, so constructed that they fold over, and by the act of



THE ZENITH FOLDING CYCLE.

so folding the sprocket-wheel is detached from the crank-axle, so that the machine can be wheeled without the folded pedals revolving. It is said that for this part of the invention a master patent has been secured. The handle-bars are so constructed that they can be turned round, and thus the whole width of the machine reduced to something under seven inches. Our illustration shows the narrow compass into which any ordinary cycle—in this particular case an Elswick—can be compressed when fitted with the Zenith patent fittings, and this without the least loss of rigidity.

The invention appears to have great merits, and should be highly appreciated both by people with limited space at their disposal and by the railway companies, for its adoption must greatly facilitate the carriage of cycles, enabling about three times the number of ordinary machines to be conveniently carried in the same amount of van-space. I hear that very influential people in the cycle world are behind the syndicate, and that in a short time a public issue of the company's shares will be made.

A more miserable day could not have been hit upon than March 17 for the opening of the well-known track at Herne Hill. The track has been under alteration for some time past, and would hardly be known again. The banking-up at the bends has been most successfully carried out, having been raised some twelve feet. The chief feature is the convex nature of the banking, which, according to Mr. Peacock's views, will reduce the advantage gained by the rider on the inside turn. This, however, seems to me to be somewhat problematical, and remains to be proved. The surface of the track is granilite, which is made remarkably smooth. Only a small gathering of Press representatives put in an appearance in answer to the executive's invitation, and these were glad to take shelter in the roomy and convenient Pavilion.

Another new lamp has been brought under my notice. This time it is the Acetylene Gas-Lamp. This gas is produced by water dropping on to a block of calcium carbide in a gas-generating compartment. The dropping of the water can be regulated by a lever on top of the small tank, which controls a valve and can be used to moderate the strength of light. The gas generated is conducted through a small pipe to a burner, the flame of which can also be regulated like an ordinary gas-jet. It is said that the Acetylene develops one hundred candle-power, of a bright white colour, and diffuses its illuminating power to a distance of something like one hundred feet. Another advantage claimed is its being wind- and jar-proof. There is no difficulty with the recharging, as the rider has only to carry a small stick of the carbide in his pocket. If all that is claimed for this lamp is correct, then there ought to be a very bright future before it.

A neat and useful little chain-brush has been sent me by a well-known firm. It is called Burnip's Chain-Brush. I see there is a picture and description of it in the advertisement columns of *The Sketch*, so that I need give no full description of it, and only draw attention to its utility and the price placing it within the reach of all. Before leaving the

question of inventions, I should like to mention, for the information of my readers, that the Sykl Foot-Pump, of which an illustration was given in *The Sketch* of March 10, can be obtained at Mr. Gamage's, 126, Holborn. I have received so many inquiries on the subject that I trust this information will be accepted instead of personal replies.

The annual general meeting of the Cyclists' Touring Club was held last week. The annual report was most satisfactory and instructive, as showing the great advance made in every department. In the discussion that followed several members spoke strongly against the inclusion of advertisements in the Club handbooks. I am most thoroughly in accord with these remarks, as it stands to reason that bulkiness is a thing to be avoided, and every inch of space should be devoted to information. Several other very important questions were brought forward which will, no doubt, be carefully considered by the Council.

The lofty and laudable aspirations of the good little girl in the Sunday-school who "wants to be an angel" are in a fair way of being realised, according to the lady correspondent of a cycling contemporary, who, in the exuberance of her enthusiasm for the wheel, informs her readers that the cycle constitutes the connecting link between angels and mortals; that it gives us an idea of their winged life in purer regions; that it elevates poor, grovelling human nature from direct contact with what is earthly! When I read this I felt that I had hitherto failed to appreciate the spirituality of the wheel—I had regarded it simply as a mundane enjoyment—and that from henceforth I must endeavour to live up to it. The school-girl has only to save up her coppers and hire a machine, when she will experience the rapture of being an angel, though I doubt if on her first trial trip she will find herself altogether "elevated from direct contact with what is earthly." Methinks a few bruises and abrasions would detract considerably from the rapture!

The lengthening days and gleams of sunshine—which, alas! have been all too rare of late—are beginning to make my fair readers think of new and fascinating costumes for cycling. A few days ago I saw a neat and pretty dress just arrived from a famous French house. It was made of greyish-blue cheviot cloth, with a loose bodice; the belt, cuffs, and deep collar were of white cloth, braided with the narrowest rows of black braid, and edged with astrachan; the loose bodice was open in front over a vest of white cloth, and the costume was finished off with pretty buttons. Another dress, also just finished for spring wear, caught my attention, and I really think it was even prettier than the one I have already described. It was made, in a dull shade of brown, in that deliciously soft-looking material called "drap de soie." The jacket was quite short—reaching just below the waist—and was lined throughout with brown satin of a much darker shade than the dress; the rolled collar and cuffs were of brown satin, and the brown satin waistcoat, with a high collar, was buttoned across, from the left to right side, with the most exquisitely chaste buttons. The pretty brown shoes and brown silk stockings worn with this costume made it one of the smartest I have seen.

The old ladies who are pictured here are scarcely in Society (save in Society of the Union), but then the wheel is no respecter of persons. Miss Elizabeth Smith, one of the veterans, celebrated her ninety-second birthday by mounting the wheel, while her friend, Miss Jane Martell, four-score years and seven, helped her to hold high festival.



A VETERAN CYCLIST.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

The paradox born of experience, which warns us that uncertainty is the only thing certain here below, seems to have hit the commercial mind of this shopkeeping nation very hard at the present juncture, otherwise would we not surely have heard of immense insurances having been effected on her Majesty's life for this year by various manufacturers and

merchants within the past few weeks. Of a surety we live in an age most deadly practical when such things could be. Yet is there something to be said for those wise traders, too, who, remembering the universal mourning which followed Prince Eddy's death, just as everyone was considering the purchase of wedding-garments, have decided to safeguard themselves against every contingency, even at a sacrifice of some good taste and sentiment. Preparations on an immense scale have been made for an unusually gay and gorgeous display of purple and fine linen among all classes during forthcoming gala-days, but the mutability of human affairs is all the more present to the manufacturing imagination, which will only result, however, let us hope, in a goodly increase of assets to the insurance companies.

I suppose the incoming fashion of flounces, which I deplore but must recognise, will add to the external gaiety of nations in some measure. Not satisfied with these flimsy furbelows, I now notice an attempt to introduce paniers

as well, as will be observed in this sketch of a recently arrived Paris model, which is to be reserved for an example of early summer fashions. The skirt, of shot black and pink taffetas, shows up through a very light and lace-like fabric resembling the old *barège*. This, in black, is made up with paniers on each side. The bodice, loosely draped, fastens on the left side with two bows of the pink silk. The front is charmingly arranged, opening in a heart-shape over a daintily frilled chemisette of cream mousseline-de-soie, garnished with lapels of black velvet. Two wide flounces, piped at the edges, trim the top of sleeves, which are arranged also with small puffs. It is difficult to concoct a really pretty neck-trimming with the present mode, which runs rather to over-fussiness; but this dress has a lace cravat with long ends, confined in the middle with a strip of the pink taffetas, which is a simple and becoming style, the collar-band being arranged with a mixture of lace and silk to match.

Even the most determined Irish drizzle that ever soaked the soil of that verdant island might have vied unsuccessfully with the uncompromising downpour which celebrated the opening day at Chelsea House of the Irish Exhibition and Sale of Native Handiwork. In the unavoidable absence of the Duchess, who is obliged to abstain from public functions and crowds just now, the Duke of York gallantly undertook the inspection and purchase of various exhibits, passing from one stall to another, and, with his half grave, wholly pleasant manner, leaving mementoes of his kindly presence at each. Lady Londonderry, indefatigable in the cause, accompanied his Royal Highness through the rooms, very becomingly dressed in violet of several shades. Lady Sankey, who has withdrawn from the leadership of Dublin society for London and Lowndes Square, also wore hat and frock of violet velvet. Lady Betty Balfour, justly proud of the beautiful work done in Dublin by the workers of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, did a thriving trade, and, *en parenthèse*, I may here mention that the ribbon embroideries of this School excel any I have seen elsewhere. Lady Castlerosse, presiding over the Killarney School of Arts and Crafts' products, had for sale book-rests, shamrock-shaped tea-trays and tables, among a hundred other artistic trifles daintily carved from the native dwarf-oak and arbutus woods. Tea-sets of ivory Bealeek china, painted with shamrock sprays, were particularly pretty. Green-oak frames for pictures or photos were rapidly bought up, and orders booked for various other artistic handiwork for which the Killarney school is now so favourably known. To Mrs. Montgomery is due the inauguration of the only school of metal-work which Ireland owns. Many and admirably rendered were the old Celtic designs applied to book-covers, candle-sconces, salvers, trays, &c., in copper and brass by the "Five Mile Town"

industry. Miss Mahaffy has been enabled to double the amount of her Howth workers of knitted jerseys, cycling-blouses, children's kilted garments, and so forth, since the Londonderry House Exhibition last year—a healthy indication of the good such benevolent functions achieve. Of the important work done by the Association Stalls I need not speak, personally presided over as they were by the Marchionesses of Londonderry, Zetland, Lansdowne, Dufferin, Conyngham, Headfort, the Countesses of Beative, Clanwilliam, Kilmorey, Donoughmore, Annesley, Enniskillen, the Ladies Tweedmouth, Arthur Hill, Catherine Mead, Beatrice FitzMaurice, Garvagh, O'Neill, and the Mesdames Pakenham, McDermott, Adair, Engledon, O'Brien, and A. Harmsworth. Each had its industry amply represented, whether of the famous Irish tweeds, or flannels, or linens, or delicate laces which the "ould country" produces so exclusively well. Such proofs of industry, fostered by the practical goodwill and interest of these ladies, who mainly, too, have "a stake in the country," argue happily of better things to a land which shall be no more "distressful" when the reward of work well accomplished will at last be possible to the long-suffering peasantry of Ireland.

Lenten rigours notwithstanding, Rome has been able to offer her many visitors several excitements within the past and present week, the chiefest being, no doubt, a grand review of troops by the King on the 14th, which was his Majesty's birthday. Fine weather added to the *éclat* of the occasion, which was concluded with a ball given by the hospitable members of the Military Club—their second this season. The Countess della Porta is one of those who give pleasant "teas" on Saturday afternoons in Lent, and, as those who have an *entrée* to the best "Black" society know, Herr von Bülow, German Ambassador to the Vatican, is helped by his handsome and popular daughter in the pleasant matter of afternoon receptions not infrequently. Prince and Princess Reuss, Cardinal Ferrata, Sir George and Lady Bowen, Prince Loewenstein, the French Ambassador to the Vatican, M. Poubelle, and Prince Stolberg were a few among the well-known faces at Herr von Bülow's last Saturday gathering.

The Continental fashion of giving breakfast-parties has never very much thriven among us of this conservative country, possibly for one



[Copyright.]

ANOTHER PHASE OF JACKET.



[Copyright.]

INDOOR FROCK WITH PANIERS.

unspoken reason, among others, that we feel bacon-and-eggs to be an inseparable item of the rite, and have been, perhaps, otherwise undecided as to the appropriate culinary roll-call required. But, with improved manners on the part of British cooks and cookery, these superstitions have

begun to give way, and a feature in entertainments of the coming season will be the smart "breakfast-parties" arranged by those well versed in the fine art of foregatherings.

For such occasions as these, where the full panoply of afternoon *grand tenue* is not exactly appropriate, the jaunty little jacket of which I illustrate one other version this week will be found very useful. This very short jacket can be worn in costume—that is, with skirt to match or in contrasting colour, as desired; and either way, if well contrived, cannot fail to make a successful appearance, the back tight-fitting and slightly shorter than the fronts, which are loose. A turn-down collar of cloth or velvet, somewhat darker in shade, is helped by braided revers. The sleeves, cut in gigot shape, are not too large. A most useful little garment on all counts.

On *dit* that, in default of a predominating season colour, Parisian powers that be intend at one fell swoop to popularise tartan to the unsympathetic and so far unaccustomed English mind by associating it with the Sovereign's well-proved fondness for Scotland. Balmoral tartan is, therefore, hinted at as a possibly great vogue for midsummer ides, and on the strength of this brilliant idea Paris modistes intend to at once popularise Scotch tartans and Irish poplins, the fabric of the latter material being particularly appropriate to the patterns of another, thus combining the interests (dual for once) of both countries, the favourite one and the unfriended alike. A forerunner of these promised plaids appears in my third illustration, which shows a *chic* little gown of Royal Stuart tartan, with its neat white background, the squares so admirably matched that it seems as if cut from one piece. Tiny frills of shot blue and green taffetas trim the ample skirt. A blouse-bodice fastens in the most modish manner at left side, while a gracefully arranged scarf of poplin, tricked out with Irish lace (appliqué) is arranged in diminishing folds from shoulder to waist, each fold being edged with tiny pleats of the shot taffetas. A narrow draped waist-band of this latter material is fastened at left side with a rosette, each of silk, the sleeves simple and rather tight from elbow to wrist, cuffs of Irish Carrickmacross, as before. A quite entirely engaging toque of half-blown pink roses, variously shaded, with left-side nigrette of foliage very erect, completes this ultra-fashionable "get-up." Women in search of a *demisaison* idea please read, mark, and copy.

This is the appointed season, verily, of house-ladders and British workmen. Not a street one passes through without barricades and barriers on which beings bearing no resemblance to those dreamed of by Jacob pass up and down, bearing baptismal pots of oil-colour, with which, in sheer wickedness of soul, they anoint the disgusted passers-by. Also is it the time set apart and sacred to extras and able-bodied helpers bearing the too familiar sobriquet of "char." Bonnets of indefinable antecedents and pails are their distinguishing characteristics. Both waylay one in dark passages and round corners while the fearful process of spring-cleaning goes forward and winter firesides are formally dethroned.

Following the visitation of these household troops come various processes, notably curtain-hanging, which more than all else tends to the decorative aspect of our rooms, for other things may vary, but our curtains and draperies must be in neighbourly accord with our walls, or there will be strife and shrieking contrast in the house beautiful. Looking through a group of patterns sent on at the request of a newly married friend by Graham and Banks, of 445, Oxford Street, some days ago, I was more than ever struck with the deep pit of undecorative horrors from which we of this later Victorian Era have happily emerged. As contrasted with the crude green rep, red moreen, and drab, drab damask, of our immediate predecessors, what a change in the internal economy of the Englishman's castle. Here, for instance, in the aforesaid bunch of patterns were *moiré* tabourettes, exquisite in tone



OUTDOOR GOWN IN TARTAN TAFFETAS.

and texture, soft old-rose, restful sage-greens, vivid ambers, and delicate grey-blues; a material of alternate satin and *moiré* stripes at a mere 3s. 6d. the yard of fifty-two inches width; silk damasks of bold, conventional design and every shading in and out of Nature at the modest equivalent of 7s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per yard; striped brocades, in faithful reproduction of the styles of Louis Seize, which can never be really superseded or improved upon; old-rose stripes alternating with a buff background on which posies and knots of ribbon appear in graceful old-world trails or broken lines of blue with dotted "sprigs" of rose-bud or forget-me-not; ideal drawing-room curtains at 3s. 6d. the yard. Some all-silk reversible brocatelles at 9s. 6d. were independent of lining, and, as such, admirable for summer curtains. Then followed wonderful reproductions of old Beauvais and Gobelin tapestries, the fabric *par excellence* for an oaken dining-room, chair-covers, and hanging equally. Greatly also did we admire a material which Graham and Banks call "Coteline," much resembling a silk rep with bold device in self-colour on its surface. There was a clear soft yellow instantly chosen as the only possible adornment for my friend's pretty amber-and-white drawing-room, while a dainty Rose du Barri was pitched upon as the future form of a very carefully considered drawing-room. Many of these fascinating materials are employed in the upholstering of arm-chairs belonging to corresponding periods, of which Messrs. Graham and Banks have a large and greatly varied series, from specimens in oak of early Danish and English handiwork to the most elaborate originals and reproductions of the French Renaissance.

Delightfully reminiscent, too, of the fragrant spirit of spring, whom Mr. Alfred Austin, with all a Laureate's licence, assures us, "comes out of her woodland place, with violet eye and primrose face," though one would have supposed that even a daily correspondent's ideal complexion would rise above the latter tint, equally applicable to the soap that is household as Beaconsfield's supposititious emblem. Meanwhile have I been led away from my theme, which was really and to begin with Rhine violets of that ilk, delicate, dainty, clinging, which haileth from the scented precincts of 62, New Bond Street, and is nowhere else to be had in such allurements of the senses, always barring Mr. Austin's woodland place. When the great poet's silence is once more broken, may he have a theme as inspiring as a five-and-sixpenny bottle of the same! It is at once the most subtle and certain reminiscence of the perfumed wood-violet that science and distillation have ever achieved.

Medical subjects do not offer alluring material to the lay mind as a rule, yet more instructive light literature has not lately come my way than a booklet issued by the proprietors of Guy's Tonic, which is euphoniously called "Guy's Guide to Digestion," and contains much that we, who are weakly beguiled by the pleasures of the table, might learn with advantage. What to eat and what to avoid, with the penalties and rewards of indulgence or denial respectively, are easily and intelligently set forth. Anyone having, in fact, read "Guy's Guide" can in future only sin with his eyes open, and the pamphlet, which can be obtained gratis on application at 12, Buckingham Palace Road, should be read by all in need of a guide, philosopher, and friend, whose advice on these important matters indicated is worth its weight in gold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BREAKFAST-TABLE.—It all depends on the way it is made, given, of course, that you are sure of its freshness. Boiling coffee is synonymous with spoiling. Remember this. After all, and having tried various percolators and inventions, I find Ash's "Kaffee-Ranne" the best. This vessel surrounds the coffee with a hot-water cosy by means of an outer compartment, into which boiling water is poured, the coffee filtered in the usual way, and drawn off by a tap. After other trials of every new invention, I invariably return to my old love. You can get it at 301, Oxford Street.

CYNTHIA (Kensington).—(1) What you want is clearly a night-clock. The invention has been found invaluable to travellers, but more than all should it be so to an invalid. It is illuminated at will by electric light; as in the case of bells, you merely press a button in the handle. Houghton and Gunn, of 162, New Bond Street, sell them at five pounds, and these clocks are guaranteed the best lever movements. (2) Why not get your smart underlinen from the Irish Work Association? I saw quite lovely things at the Chelsea House Bazaar on Wednesday. (3) I fancy Enoch is the publisher of that song, but am uncertain; will inquire.

VANITY (South Kensington).—(1) I know of nothing better than Vinolia Cream. It is an effectual antidote to the withering effects of March wind. (2) I have only just seen the club advertised; will make inquiries. (3) Take your jade figure to Mr. Sarkin, of the Japanese Gallery. He is one of the best judges of Oriental antiques in town.

MOSQUITO (Suffolk).—(1) There is a treatment for draping single bedsteads which is extremely decorative. It has just been introduced by Graham and Banks, 445, Oxford Street, and is called the "Parisienne Alcove." This fixture is a canopied frame, and made same size as the bedstead, with pretty draperies, curtains, and valances, lined, fluted, and collectively most attractive when done in one of their delicate floral cretonnes. It should just suit your room. An entire fitment costs eight pounds, but you can have the frame for thirty-five shillings, and drape it to your own taste, if desired. (2) For the theatre-cape white satin with Medicis collar, bordered by white ostrich feather. Embroidered yoke and lining of pale-pink pistachio-nut green would be simple and suitable. For the blouse to match, I should advise pink satin under accordion-pleated point d'esprit net, a pointed yoke of pearl embroidery, and as much lace and ribbon as your maid can cleverly place. The theatre-blouse and cape *en suite* is a very pretty fashion. (3) Yes, but the English edition is very Bowdlerised, I hear.

SYBIL.

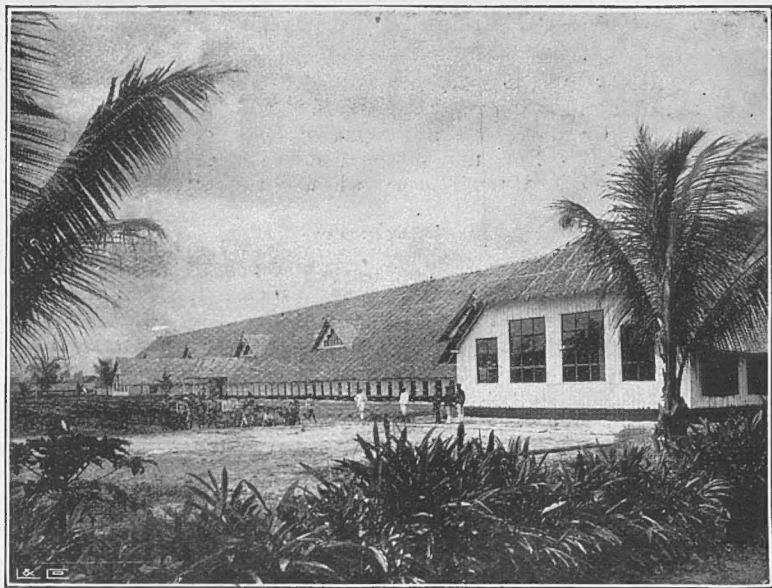
The Diamond Jubilee has induced Messrs. J. and E. Atkinson, of Bond Street, to prepare a Royal "Record" Perfume. It is a delightfully sweet scent, being made not artificially or chemically, but from flowers.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on April 7.

THE NORTH BRITISH REPORT.

There is not much gratification to be derived from a perusal of the North British Railway Company's Report to the end of January. The receipts show an increase of £29,898, and the working expenditure an increase of £10,749. The receipts from passenger traffic show a decrease of £5101 as compared with the corresponding period of the previous



FERMENTING-SHED IN TANDJONG KASSAU.

year, while parcels show an increase of £5193 and mails of £240, making a net increase in coaching traffic of £332. North British accounts are generally mysterious, but this contrast between the decline in passenger business and the increase of a like amount in parcels is more than usually puzzling. The receipts per railway-mile are about £1 better than in the corresponding half-year—£1502 against £1501—the receipts per train-mile for passenger trains are a penny less, and for goods and mineral trains about a halfpenny less. The ratio of working expenses to traffic receipts has risen from 46·80 to 47·03 per cent. Truly this is a cheerful state of affairs, particularly with labour troubles so much *en evidence* since the date of the accounts.

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

There is a good deal in the following letter which has reached us. The writer is in close touch with the Stock Exchange markets.

We all say that there is not going to be a war, and that ultimately the combined forces of the six Great European Powers will be able to expel from Crete the puny army of a bankrupt state like Greece. If the six of them together cannot do that, we argue theoretically that they could not hurt each other much if a European war did break out. But we on the Stock Exchange, and our clients among the public, do not believe in the European Concert. We look at the situation in this way: So long as the Great Powers agree, they are in agreement. When they disagree, they are not in agreement. If the agreement were more than superficial, is it conceivable that a twopenny-halfpenny little place like Crete would have led to all this fuss and turmoil? Reasoning thus, we do not buy stocks, but we await developments. We think it will come all right in the end, and, if we have the stocks already, we are not driven to sell them by scare. But if we do not have stocks and have the money which would buy them, we think it better to wait a bit. When the clouds roll by there will probably be a remarkable outburst—not perhaps of speculation pure and simple, but of speculative investment. Judging from the leisurely way in which the Great Powers have hitherto proceeded, nobody need be in a great hurry to anticipate by purchases the expected improvement, however sanguine may be his temperament.

To be a "bear" at present is madness; to be a "bull" seems premature. I am, &c.,
OPPORTUNIST.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for all the views expressed in this letter; but, in general terms, we may say that they embody a commonsense view of the Market situation.

THE BANK-NOTE FORGERIES.

It would appear that the rumours with regard to the Bank of England note-forgeries have been greatly exaggerated. The Governor, at the half-yearly meeting of the Bank of England on Thursday last, was able to inform the shareholders that no loss had been suffered by the Bank in connection with those forgeries, which, after all, had not been of any serious extent. As far as the directors could ascertain, only about forty spurious notes had been put in circulation, and it seems they were at once detected by the clerks on presentation. The workmanship appears to have been good, but the forgers had not been able to conquer the water-mark difficulty, as they were only able to impress this on the paper by an engraved plate, instead of embodying it in the paper itself, as is the case with the genuine notes.

SUMATRA.

British capital has found a home in almost every part of the world where it can earn for its owners even bread and cheese, but, as far as we know, the industrial wealth of the Dutch Indies has not received any stimulus from English enterprise. This is certainly not because there is no scope for profitable investment in the rubber, tobacco, or coffee industries of the island of Sumatra, so much as that when the Hollander has a good thing he likes to keep it to himself—as we see every day in the Transvaal.

The cycle trade is making us all very cosmopolitan in our tastes, for we must have rubber to keep the great Dunlop Company earning dividends (as long as may be) on its famous five millions of capital, and the world's supply of this very useful gum is certainly not on the increase. On the East Coast of Sumatra the rubber-tree flourishes, and there can be no doubt that before long an enormous trade will be developed. The natives tap the wild trees, and have been in the habit of exporting considerable quantities of rubber gathered in this wasteful and unskilful manner; but of late years systematic planting and cultivation of the trees has been practised, and in the Tandjong Kassau district already many fine estates have thus been formed. Some idea of the profitable nature of the trade may be obtained when we say that 100,000 trees produce at a low estimate an annual revenue—after deducting expenses—of from £25,000 to £30,000.

Coffee, which in Sumatra is free from disease, is also a staple product of the island, and, no doubt, the fortunes which, a few years back, were made in Ceylon out of its cultivation will be repeated in Sumatra. Taking the yield of each tree as only three pounds, an estate of 300,000 trees should give an annual profit of well over £10,000. Ramie and tobacco are both profitable crops, and it is said that petroleum will also be found shortly among the large exports of the island. Meanwhile, the Dutch companies which are working in Sumatra appear to have been very profitable investments for the dwellers by the Zuyder Zee, as may be seen by the following list of shares dealt in at Amsterdam—

	Premium on Shares.
	per cent.
Amsterdam Deli Comp. Aand	378
Deli Batavia Maatschappij Aand	325
„ Cult. Mij. Aronsburg Aand	34½
„ Maatschappij Aand	595
„ Tab. Mij.—pref. Aand	8
„ Langkat Tabak Mij. C. v. A. Nom. gor. K....	11
Medan Tab. Mij. Aand	98
Padang Tabak Mij. Aand	9
Senembah Mij. Aand	388½
Serdang Tabak Mij. Aand	15

The field appears to afford considerable scope for British enterprise, and, provided the management of the plantations is associated with



SAMPANS WITH TOBACCO ON THE WAY DOWN THE RIVER.

partial Dutch control, so as to cope with the natural exclusiveness of the Government, large dividends should be realised by similar companies which our countrymen may properly establish, and which, we hear, efforts will shortly be made to organise and offer for subscription.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

For some time we have been promising our readers a series of letters from New Zealand by the pen of the able special correspondent who wrote the Western Australian letters that appeared during last summer and autumn in our columns. The accuracy and importance of these letters are now generally admitted—although, at the time they appeared, our correspondent was violently attacked for propounding such unpopular ideas—and our readers may rest assured that, in dealing with New Zealand, our correspondent's only desire will be "to tell the downright bottom truth," whether palatable or not.

The first instalment of his preliminary letter appears below, and the remainder will be published next week. It will be our endeavour to publish, at regular intervals, detailed criticisms of the principal individual mines as they are visited by our correspondent.

What everyone is asking in Auckland is, "When will the boom come along?" The Aucklanders made a little boom on their own account about a year ago, and floated hundreds of small companies upon the No Liability system—a system which only a Colonial legislator could have discovered. It is perhaps the most idiotic law ever passed in connection with companies, which is saying a great deal. The Auckland companies floated on shilling and half-crown shares, with penny calls, are now in dire straits; no one will pay their calls, and most of the companies must shut down unless the Britisher comes along and buys the mine—which he shows no signs of doing at present.

As I have before explained in one of my Westralian letters, in No Liability Companies no one need pay calls, and the shares may then be forfeited—which is exactly what the shareholder wants. Say, for example, a man subscribes for ten thousand shares in a company—possibly at the outset he may have enough confidence to pay up eightpence or ninepence before he gets sick; a call of a penny is made, he refuses to pay; the shares are put up to auction, and, as no company could ever hope to sell shares upon which a call is due, they are usually put up with calls paid to date. The Market price may be sixpence or sevenpence, but the auction price for the ten thousand is always under this price, and so the shareholder, if he chooses, may buy in his own shares under another name and save the call. I met a well-known Auckland man, the other day, who had just paid six shillings per thousand for some five thousand of his own shares, the market price of which was one shilling and fourpence. He wanted the scrip, but he was not such a fool as to pay penny calls. He was much too sharp, so he let the company forfeit the shares, and he bought in free of call at six shillings per thousand. When the next call is made he will repeat the deal. All he wants, to continue the operation as long as the calls are made, is a nominee in whose name he can buy back the shares. Can anything be more ridiculous? The No Liability system of floating companies acts well as long as there is any boom on; but the moment confidence in the intentions of the British purchaser dies out, the whole thing collapses.

Auckland is full of speculators in No Liability companies, but few now pay calls. These ridiculous little companies have, of course, done some good. The money subscribed has much of it been spent in prospecting, and from Cape Colville to Wellington the prospector has been hard at work. Mercury Bay, Kuaotunu, Ohinemuri, Waitekauri, Waihi, Te Aroha, and numberless other places have gone ahead wonderfully; even Coromandel and Thames, the oldest camps in New Zealand, have brightened up.

All this prospecting will end in many good mines being opened up, and the usual proportion of wild cats, say 90 per cent. The best reefs, in my opinion, are in the south end of the Hauraki Field. They are mostly low grade but big, and the yield is more regular than at Thames or Coromandel, where the ore is very patchy and the reefs, especially at Coromandel, very small indeed.

It is somewhat the fashion to imagine that because New Zealand has been gold-mining for more than thirty years, the industry must have settled down to a solid basis. Investors should speedily dispossess such small brains as they may have of this impression. Gold-mining in New Zealand is as carelessly managed as in Western Australia, the land of the optimist. "Pig-rooting" for gold has here become a fine art. The Thames and Coromandel districts are huge rabbit-warrens, the hills honeycombed with drives which follow up tiny leaders here, there, and everywhere. Most of the mines have been worked by Auckland companies, with little or no capital, and every shilling won has been divided up among the shareholders.

This system of paying dividends without providing for any reserve fund has resulted in "pig-rooting"—no Colonial-managed mine is ever ahead of its battery work. If the gold gives out, the mine shuts down till a new body of shareholders can be found to subscribe new capital. Mining here is very cheap, and, as the gold in the Thames and Coromandel fields is usually found in rich shoots, huge dividends result whenever a rich patch is struck. No Colonial Board would ever dream of spending any money upon dead work; when such is absolutely necessary the Government steps in and offers to pay half, which I have a shrewd idea means paying all. Consequently, the inspection of old workings is calculated to give the visitor a poor idea of New Zealand mining. But the official records, which are excellently compiled, and always with one eye on the London capitalist, show that the two islands return a very large amount of gold, and that the reefs are some of them payable to a considerable depth. This has led to all the promoters in London establishing offices in Auckland, under high-sounding names, in view of the coming boom. Where there is gold, there will the promoters be gathered together. Ridiculous prices have already been paid for mines, and, if the boom really does come along, I tremble to think of the millions which will be "invested"—save the mark!—in so-called developed properties.

The promoter is a poor creature at best. He went into Western Australia bald-headed and took up acreage, wildly regardless of the labour conditions. When he found that each acre cost him about two pounds a-week, he began to think that he had made a mistake; so, upon transferring his attentions to New Zealand he ordered his representative to take up only fully developed properties. This is a loud-sounding phrase, which means out here "a gutted mine" with an obsolete battery.

WHAT WE HEAR.

At the moment of going to press we hear that Mr. Hooley has entered into a contract to purchase—which means float—Schweppes' soda-water business, and that the share-capital of the new concern will be about £1,000,000, with some debentures added, probably £250,000. No details,

except that the price represents about £12 for each existing share, are settled as yet, and, indeed, whatever contract there may be must of necessity be only provisional, and subject to the approval of the present shareholders of the Schweppes concern.

The liquidation of the West Australian (Gold Districts) Trading Company is to remain in the hands of the Official Receiver. The shareholders endeavoured to obtain the appointment of Mr. Pannell, but, as the liquidation is expected to be "a creditors' winding up," the attempt failed.

The directors of Burbank's Birthday Gift have decided to pay a dividend of a shilling a-share, and probably before these lines are in the hands of our readers a public announcement to this effect will be made to the general Press. At any rate, we hear that the decision was arrived at on the occasion of the last Board meeting.

The victims of the late lamented firm of Percy Barclay and Co. can, by consulting the daily papers of the 19th, read, in the bankruptcy of one A. E. Gatcombe, an interesting account of the way their money disappeared. Now that the gentleman is once again within the jurisdiction, we wonder if the Treasury will take the matter up?

ARGENTINE PROVINCIAL LOANS.

Rumours are continually cropping up as to the probability of the Argentine Republic coming forward as a fresh borrower. That there is something behind these rumours there can be little doubt. We mean by this something more than a mere unification scheme. But while the Provincial loans continue in default, and while so many vexed questions are in suspense concerning railway guarantees, &c., there ought to be no favour extended. An interesting correspondence has been published between Messrs. Price and Williams on the one hand, and Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co. and Messrs. Morton, Rose, and Co. on the other. But the result is only to show that those firms are practically powerless in the matter. They say they are actively negotiating, and they give some particulars of the direction of these negotiations; but, as they do not come to anything, the labour would appear to be wasted.

ISSUES.

Trafford Park Estates, Limited, is offering for subscription £350,000 4 per cent. debentures at par. The issue will not appeal to speculators, but should be safe enough, covered as it is by a legal mortgage on the splendid freehold property fronting the Manchester Ship Canal, and within two miles of the centre of Manchester itself. We should like some of the Ordinary shares, but unfortunately Mr. Hooley won't let us have any.

The Zenith Folding Cycle Company, Limited, is offering £80,000 in one-pound shares. We have already informed our readers that the issue was expected, and in the portion of this paper devoted to cycling will be found an account of the invention. The Board is a strong and practical one, and we know that several well-known figures in the cycle world are interested in the company's patents, so that there seems every prospect of the shares turning out well.

Noakes and Co., Limited, is a brewery offering £250,000 in £10 pref. shares at £11 each, and £250,000 4 per cent. debentures at 105. The issue is (unless times have greatly changed) sure to be snapped up, and we think allottees will see a good profit on their bargains.

Saturday, March 20, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BOLTONIAN.—We consider City of Brussels and City of Antwerp bonds about the best of the lottery bonds. They pay 3 per cent. All the bonds usually dealt in on the Continent can be bought in London. If you communicate with Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., of Cooper's Court, Cornhill, they will send you the latest prices, and do the business for you.

H. S. W.—We wrote you fully on the 16th inst.

LAVIDIA.—You will find the people you name very unsatisfactory to do business with. They are always making mistakes in their accounts, and these mistakes are universally in their own favour. We are continually asked to advise clients of theirs, and the moment we get them to consult a solicitor the accounts are put right. It is a very bad thing to deal with people whose integrity you cannot rely upon.

JUDICUS.—It is very difficult to advise you. Of course, were it a matter of life and death to save something out of the wreck, we should say realise; but if we had the list of investments you send, we should hold the whole lot, wait for some improvement (of which there are signs), and then realise one at a time as opportunity offered. In the majority of cases you will probably not get out without loss; but with patience and looking after, you may expect to get better prices for almost all of them than are now ruling. We have a poor opinion of the intrinsic merits of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, and 20; but with any general improvement they will probably rise a bit. Of course, if you hold you must risk "wars and rumours of wars," of which you can judge as well as we can.

BALLYNAHINCH.—Nothing is known in the London market of the shares you name, but a jobber has made inquiries locally, and tells us the shares are supposed to be good.

INTERESTED.—No. 1: Would not care about holding these pref. shares, but it is doubtful if you can sell. At any rate, do not buy if you are not already in. No. 2 is a speculative debenture.

C. H. M.—Thanks for your letter and the information about the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan Railway bonds.

H. J.—You seem to have got hold of a lot of bucket-shop tips from some financial rag sent to you free. We would buy none of the shares you name, except perhaps Salmon and Gluckstein, and even then you are too late for the fair.

M.—As you seem so nervous about your Armstrongs, sell them, and buy some railway debentures.

INVESTOR.—You, too, seem to be suffering from a lot of the worst kind of bucket-shop tips. The majority you can't sell. No. 6 and 7 are the only two we would keep. Nos. 1 and 2 we have no information about, but the rest are not worth the paper they are printed on.

FORD.—The mine is a very speculative venture. The price is so low that we can't see the use of trying to sell.